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ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1932

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Current Comments

THE new Government has, on the whole, done better than appeared likely a month ago, though it must be admitted that most of its achievements have been the result of pressure from its supporters; in fact, like the far-famed Duke of Plaza-Toro, the Cabinet has done most of its leading from behind. The King's Speech certainly gave little indication of what was to follow, and so it is not unfair to draw the inference that Ministers have gone a long way beyond what they originally contemplated as their programme up to Christmas. In view of the fact that so long ago as 1925 a Cabinet committee admitted that the case for an iron and steel tariff had been made out, it is a matter of regret that Mr. Runciman has so far done nothing to protect this industry, and those affected will presumably have to bide their souls in patience until Mr. Chamberlain outlines his Budget proposals.

The difficulty about a tariff is that it cannot at once be rigid and adapted for use as a weapon for bargaining, and this is by no means always realized by ardent Protectionists, who are rather inclined to want it both ways. Provided that the international situation improves, the course outlined for the coming twelve months should prove the right one, especially as the majority in the House of Commons can be thoroughly relied upon to keep the Government up to the mark. It will not be so easy as some people think to secure an Imperial economic agreement, but some arrangement will indubitably be reached, and thereafter we may expect to see those Powers whose economic fate is indissolubly linked with that of the British Empire open negotiations with a view to inclusion in the Imperial tariff system. The Government clearly foresaw this when the declaration was made

that no agreements with foreign Powers would be considered until after the Ottawa Conference.

When all is said and done, it took the nation twenty-five years, ever since Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into office, to get into the present muddle, and we cannot get out of it in five minutes. Whatever we may think of the Government, we have at any rate the best House of Commons of modern times.

Unreal Debates.

THERE was a complete lack of reality about the debates on the Indian White Paper in both Houses of Parliament last month. They provided, it is true, an opportunity for several young members to make their maiden speeches, one or two of which gave evidence of promise, but for the rest they certainly did not take the problem of India any further forward. The reason for this is not far to seek, for Parliament was discussing India under the shadow of the failure of the Round Table Conference. The word failure is used advisedly, for although the Prime Minister denies that the Conference failed, yet fail, from his point of view, it did, for it came to no conclusion upon which any sort of self-government could be based. From another standpoint it was by no means a failure, for it showed very clearly indeed the complexity of the Indian question, and the utter impossibility of solving it by the mere application of so-called democratic principles. On this score the Conference has proved extremely useful.

At the same time the Government was forced to certain admissions during the debates which may prove of the utmost value in the future. Those who criticized the White Paper expressed the fear that if they voted for it they would thereby be committing themselves to approval of any course that the Cabinet might think fit to pursue, and that at some future date they would be confronted, as so often in the past, with a *fait accompli*. Whether or no the Government originally intended that

this should be the case it is impossible to say, but, if such was its intention, the strength of the opposition was so great as to compel Ministers to abandon it, and Lord Hailsham gave a very definite pledge to the contrary when he said :—

> "I am not asking your Lordships' House to say that any measure hereafter introduced to Parliament which contains what purport to be safeguards must be accepted because of any vote your Lordships give this evening. That is a complete misunderstanding of what we are asking your Lordships' House to do. We are not asking the House to commit itself in advance to any particular safeguard or framework."

If, after this statement, the Government negotiates a settlement, and then makes its acceptance a matter of confidence, it will not have left the matter to the decision of Parliament, and will be guilty of a very gross breach of faith.

The Money Muddle.

THE barrenness of the land, so far as statesmen are concerned, is every day being more clearly demonstrated in the handling of the problem of debts and reparations, where an almost incredible amount of muddled thinking is being displayed by all parties. In every capital it appears to be tacitly assumed that one's debtors will pay and that one's creditors will wait, with the result that every week which passes only serves to make the existing confusion worse confounded. In particular, the belief entertained in certain quarters in this country that France and the United States will forego the payments to them on account of debts or reparations in priority to the repayment by Germany of the money she borrowed from us shows a complete lack of all sense of reality.

Those who entertain such an opinion are on the horns of a dilemma. If the money which we have lent to Germany has been spent productively, then it can be repaid in the ordinary way by the offering of a long-term loan on the basis of the assets created by the short-term

loan; on the other hand, if the money has not been spent productively—that is to say, if it has been wasted—there is no machinery for recovering it except on the basis that the German Government assumes the liability, and raises the money by taxation. If the German Government can do this, then it is morally bound to raise the money by taxation to meet the previous obligations which the German State has acquired.

The question of debts and reparations is not one of philanthropy, but of business, nor will it be solved by calling the other fellow rude names.

The Way Out.

IT is obvious that there cannot be a settlement without not only the consent, but also the co-operation, of the United States, and the new Democratic majority in Congress is out to make things as difficult as it can for the Republican President. (How long the United States will tolerate a Constitution that is making it quite impossible for the rest of the world to do business with her is another matter.) Assuming, however, that American sympathy can be enlisted, a very considerable hypothesis, the best solution would appear to be cancellation of all debts and reparations in so far as they are balancing items, and the final settlement of the non-conditional reparations on the basis of a definite limited number of annuities of a small and reasonable amount. Finally, Germany would be informed that if she accepted a settlement of this nature she would receive the further extension of commercial credits for which she is clamouring.

Unless the problem of debts and reparations is settled before the meeting of the Disarmament Conference, the latter will be a mere farce. Without a settlement France will not disarm, and unless she disarms other nations naturally will not do so, while without general disarmament in Europe Congress will never agree to any cancellation of debts. It may also be added that until

these questions are out of the way there will not be the slightest hope of an end to the present slump.

The Treatment of King Alfonso.

A Spanish correspondent writes :—

" Yet another proof may be adduced, if proof were still necessary, of how inadequately the present Cortes in Spain represents the Spanish nation as a whole in the treatment meted out by that body to its sovereign. The Spanish character is cast in an essentially magnanimous mould, and it is generous and broadly tolerant, so that the suggestion that it is the Spanish nation that has decreed the exile and outlawry of King Alfonso, together with the confiscation of all his possessions, is regarded as preposterous by all who are familiar with Spain.

It has long been an essential part of the propaganda carried on by the minority to spread reports of the fabulous riches of the King, and it was even stated that he owned three large palaces abroad, the inference, of course, being that the monarch was enriching himself while the Spanish people groaned under the grinding pressure of taxation levied to meet the Civil List, though in point of fact this latter was not disproportionate to the actual expenditure encumbent upon the sovereign. It amounted roughly to some £500,000 a year, out of which not only was the Palace in Madrid kept going, but also seven other Royal residences in different parts of Spain. Hundreds of people derived their means of livelihood from this source, while ceremonies and entertainments were carried out with great pomp and decorum, and the hospitality offered to other sovereigns and princes was such as befitted a Court with the traditions that lay behind the monarchs of Spain. All this enhanced Spanish prestige.

The cost of the bureau for the relief of prisoners of war, which was organized by the initiative of the King during the Great War, was defrayed entirely by the sovereign himself. Postage alone must have run into very many

thousands of pesetas, to say nothing of the salaries of the clerks employed, and other expenses. Lavish sums were also expended on the promotion of agricultural schemes on the Royal properties, and to the certain knowledge of the writer the King bore immense personal losses in order to set an example to other landowners. The sums subscribed by Spain for the solemnities attendant on the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Alfonso's majority were devoted by the sovereign to the foundation of the University City in Madrid."

Republican Injustice.

"IT has required the actual testimony of events to dispel the errors which were so unscrupulously propagated. At the time of the revolution in April it was found that no palace abroad was ready waiting for the Royal Family, which repaired to an hotel at Fontainebleau, and a small one at that. No suites were engaged for them, and each has a small room with so little space that the personal belongings which they carried away with them are still packed in trunks, which stand outside their doors.

"The wholesale confiscation of the property of the King may thus be seen in all its ruthlessness. Most of the Royal properties had belonged to the Crown for generations, and the palaces at Barcelona and Santander were a gift to King Alfonso XIII from the people, and the prosperity of Santander has been entirely due to the annual visit of the Royal Family. The same can be said of the prominence of San Sebastian, where the Palace of Miramar was built by Queen Maria Cristina as her private property, and passed to the King on her death.

"The evil effects of the destruction of riches is being increasingly felt every day as the results of Socialist legislation work themselves out, and the process is already being acutely experienced in Spain. In addition to this, the spite and vindictiveness wholly unnatural to the people of Spain, which are apparent in the recent

action of its own rulers, will bring their own consequences."

The Genius of Lord Salisbury.

THE latest volume of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's biography of her father* should be carefully studied in the light of the present international situation, and of the attitude of Great Britain to her neighbours. Lady Gwendolen clearly shows that to Lord Salisbury the policy of "splendid isolation" did not imply complete indifference to the affairs of the Continent; on the contrary, he followed them very closely indeed, but he would not interfere unless he was convinced that some vital British interest was affected. Unlike Wolsey and Palmerston, he did not throw the weight of England first into this scale and then into that, until finally no Continental Power took any notice at all of the British attitude.

What Lord Salisbury did regard with the greatest suspicion was unnecessary interviews with foreign statesmen, and he outlined his opinions on this subject in a letter to Queen Victoria which might well be pondered by those who are responsible for the conduct of the country's international relations at the present time:

> "Lord Salisbury has a great aversion to these Ministerial interviews. The Foreign Offices at Paris and Rome are perfectly unscrupulous in their communications to the newspaper press of their respective countries; and any such interview would be followed by press gossip which it would be hopeless to contradict and yet which would be inconvenient."

With a glance at the departure from this practice in post-war days, Lady Gwendolen observes that "the relatively greater capacity of the personalities concerned to influence events made such occasions more subject to the exaggerations of public comment and interpretation than they have since become."

* Life of Robert, Marquess of Salisbury, Vol. IV, 1887-1892. By Lady Gwendolen Cecil. (Hodder & Stoughton. 21s.)

In short, Lord Salisbury as Foreign Secretary was in the great tradition. Like another eminent Tory statesman, Gecrge Canning, he believed that " to preserve the peace of the world is the leading object of the policy of England," but he also agreed with his predecessor that we must " maintain for ourselves an imperturbable neutrality in all cases where nothing occurs to affect injuriously our interests or our honour." In these latter days this policy has been abandoned in favour of repeated conferences and vaguely defined commitments in all parts of the world, with disastrous consequences that are only too obvious, though an increasing number of people are beginning to wish for a return to what Canning described as " negotiation between kingdom and kingdom, in the old, intelligible, accustomed, European form," which also recommended itself most strongly to the late Marquess of Salisbury.

Policy and Principle.

ONE consequence of the publication of Lady Gwendolen Cecil's biography of her father is likely to be a general recognition of the fact that Lord Salisbury was the last really great man to be a British Prime Minister; certainly he was the last statesman to fill that office and also to base his policy upon a definite set of principles. In matters of detail every statesman must be an opportunist, and so was Lord Salisbury, but where a principle was at stake he never had any doubt where his duty lay.

A notable instance of this occurred in 1889. In that year the French Government held an exhibition to commemorate the centenary of the outbreak of the Revolution, but Lord Salisbury refused to allow Great Britain to be represented on the ground that as a monarchical Power she could not be associated with any glorification of revolutionary principles. There can be no shadow of doubt but that in acting thus he was true to the historic traditions of the party which he led, yet it is almost certain that none of the subsequent

Conservative Prime Ministers, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, or Mr. Baldwin, would have taken this line. In effect, Lord Salisbury was the last leader of the Conservative party to fill that position adequately.

If this seems a hard saying one has but to reflect upon his successors. Mr. Balfour led the party to defeat at three successive General Elections, largely owing to his own bad generalship in not going to the country in 1903; under Mr. Bonar Law it strayed up the Irish *cul-de-sac* with consequences equally fatal to the country and itself; while with Mr. Baldwin Conservatism has been alternately opportunist and somnolent (generally the latter), and the programme which it has been advocating for a quarter of a century is being carried out, so far as it is being carried out at all, by a coalition, of which a Socialist is the head, and in which it is by no means adequately represented. It is hard to resist the conclusion that the success of Lord Salisbury, and the failure of the other three, lies in the fact that he never compromised where a principle was at stake.

Signor Salandra.

THE late Signor Salandra was one of those second-rate statesmen upon whom the continuity of every State depends in the last resort. The supply of first-class men is always limited, and it is upon the good second-rater that nations have to rely for the most part to keep them going. Great Britain and France always provide enough for the purpose, Italy can generally find what she wants, but Germany and Spain, in the matter of statesmen, never breed anything between men of genius like Bismarck and Cardinal Ximenes and complete incompetents, and this accounts for the vicissitudes of their recent history.

Signor Salandra's chief claim to the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen was that on two occasions he spared them the horrors of civil war. Both in May, 1915, and in October, 1922, it was quite clear that the mass of

the Italian people wanted one thing, and the Chamber, in each case elected under the auspices of Giolitti, wanted something else, and Salandra placed himself at King Victor Emmanuel's disposal as the instrument for effecting a settlement. His attitude enabled the monarch to preserve all the forms of the Constitution, though Salandra himself well knew that he was taking a risk in acting in opposition to the majority in the Chamber. Had the Spanish ministers behaved as patriotically in the face of General Primo de Rivera's *coup d'état* as Salandra did before that of Signor Mussolini, the Directory could have come into power in a perfectly constitutional manner, and Spain would have been spared all her subsequent troubles.

Chinese Facts and Fancies.

MR. J. O. P. BLAND writes :

"In his recent book 'Europe and China,' Mr. G. F. Hudson observes that, in spite of the advances which specialized sinological scholarship made in the nineteenth century, ordinary public opinion was better informed about China in the eighteenth. Paradoxical as it may seem, this opinion is undoubtedly correct, for the reason that the public opinion which found expression at that time was chiefly based upon the astonishingly accurate descriptions of China and her institutions supplied by the Jesuit, Dominican and Lazarist courtier scholars at Peking; whereas to-day it is largely founded upon misleading information provided for purposes of propaganda by China's diplomats and political agents, and greatly confused by the vast amount of writing on the subject continually produced by superficial, or politically prejudiced, observers. If we assume that the Council of the League of Nations fairly represents the public opinion of the nations represented, its deliberations on the Manchurian question have certainly been of a nature to justify Mr. Hudson's conclusion. It is safe to assert that the politicians and professors who believe that

present-day China will shortly produce a stable and effective government, based on democratic representative institutions, have a less accurate perception of the political mentality and morality of China's ruling class than that which public opinion in the eighteenth century derived from the writings of competent observers such as Le Comte, Attiret and Du Halde.

In assuming, throughout its Manchurian debates, that China is a sovereign State in the ordinary sense of the term, the Council of the League was from the beginning on demonstrably false grounds. Granted that no other course was open; for a denial of the effectiveness of China's sovereignty would exclude her from membership of the League, and leave the Powers sooner or later, to face the necessity of some form of international intervention, to prevent China from becoming an increasing danger to herself and the rest of the world, a course which the League could never contemplate, so long as America remains outside. Nevertheless, the fact remains that China's sovereignty, being ineffective, has long been a matter of polite convention, maintained as it is, in a condition of unstable equilibrium resultant from the rival interests and policies of the Powers."

CHARLES PETRIE.

Milner: The Man*

By the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.

OVERSHADOWED by a more recent and mightier conflict the South African War is a mere name to the post Great War generation. Yet, intrinsically, it was one of the great events, one of the great turning points, of our history. From the purely military point of view we had fought no war on a comparable scale since Waterloo. Without it we should never have had the highly trained, serious, efficient Regular Army of 1914. Without it we should never have had the precedent, or the leaders, for the national armies of this country and of the Dominions which played so decisive a part in the later struggle. It was the first Imperial war.

More than that, it was a war fought to assert a great and fundamental principle of Imperial policy. The European War, tremendous as have been the consequences due to the sheer magnitude of the strain involved, has not otherwise any particular significance in our history. We drifted into it because we neither made ourselves strong enough to be able to disregard a German domination of Europe, nor yet declared ourselves so explicitly on the side of France and Russia as to deter Germany from her blundering course. In so far as any issue of principle underlay the vast and confused mêlée it was, on the allied side, the principle of racial or linguistic nationalism, a principle at bottom alien to our political outlook and directly opposed to the fundamental principles of our Imperial structure. The British Empire has grown as the outward expression, under infinitely varying conditions, of certain ideas of government, and more particularly of self-government, which were developed in these islands. Those ideas have been spread by men of our race and speech. But we have never regarded the Empire as a racial monopoly, or insisted on a position of exclusive privilege for the

* The Milner Papers: South Africa, 1897–1899. Edited by Cecil Headlam. (Cassell. 30s.)

English language. Toleration in these matters has been the guiding principle. Our whole conception of self-government has been geographical, not racial or nationalist. We have thought in terms of geographical units developing, alongside of their loyalty to the British connection, a national patriotism based on common interests and common institutions, with free play for variety within that patriotism. It is on those lines that Canadian national life has developed. It is on those lines that we are endeavouring to solve the infinitely complex problem of Indian self-government.

In South Africa that conception of political development found itself confronted by the rival conception of an Afrikander nationalism based on the claim of the Dutch element of the population to political domination as having slightly preceded the British element in point of time, and therefore as being the only rightful owners of the sub-continent. Under a single system of Government over the whole of South Africa the conflict between the nationalist and the broader and more comprehensive national outlook would no doubt have gradually settled itself as, indeed, it may be hoped, it is settling itself within the Union to-day. Unfortunately, while the more tolerant British conception held the field in Cape Colony, Natal and, to some extent the Orange Free State, in the Transvaal the narrower racial conception was pushed to its extreme limits, and a handful of Boer farmers claimed the perpetual undivided control of all powers of government in a country as large as France, refusing all rights and opportunities of citizenship to the subsequent immigrants whom they misgoverned and exploited. Nor was this policy based on a mere desire to be let alone. It was avowedly aimed at enabling the Transvaal, at its chosen moment, to use the military resources built up on the taxation of the Uitlander to drive the British power out of South Africa altogether. The British element, on the other hand, while content to leave the Republics constitutionally independent, yet

regarded them as part of a single Anglo-Dutch South Africa, which they hoped to see remain permanently within the orbit of the British Imperial system, and within which they desired to see their ideas of self-government and progress prevail. The conflict between the two principles and traditions, between the sixteenth century and the coming twentieth, had become irreconcilable under the conditions which had grown up in South Africa, and it is this fact which gives to the whole story its permanent interest and its elements of tragic greatness.

Such a struggle brings out great men, and here again the South African crisis certainly cannot be said to suffer as compared with the subsequent European conflict in the greatness of its protagonists. The archetype of primitive Afrikanderdom, President Kruger, ignorant, narrow, tyrannical, was yet in forcefulness, in stubborn courage, in persistent statecraft, one of the great men of his age. Against him stood Cecil Rhodes, Joseph Chamberlain, and one who, if he appealed less to the imagination of the crowd, was yet, both in intellect and character, tempered of even finer steel, Alfred Milner. Our appreciation of Milner's true greatness will certainly not be diminished by the volume of his papers and despatches which Mr. Cecil Headlam has now published. In fulfilling his task the editor has confined himself almost entirely to a skilful arrangement of the papers themselves, illustrating them with such additional first hand documents, as for instance correspondence between other leading figures in the South African drama, as serve to bring out the essential features of the story, and linking them together with the very minimum of lucid explanatory and connecting narrative. The result is a volume both intensely interesting in itself and of the greatest historical value.

In a brief biographical introduction Mr. Headlam tells just enough of Milner's earlier life to make the reader hope that some day a fuller narrative may not only add

to the attractively told story of his boyhood's struggles and triumphs, but may also do justice to all the solid achievement which he already had behind him in journalism, politics and finance when he went to South Africa. For Mr. Headlam's purpose it was only necessary to bring out the essential temper and training of the man who "thus equipped, stepped upon the scene of the drama which, arising from a fundamental conflict of ideals, was about to move to its appointed end with all the inevitability and concentration of a great Greek tragedy."

At a time when British policy in South Africa had already become a matter of acute party controversy at home, Milner's appointment as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner in South Africa early in 1897 was welcomed by men of every point of view who, trusting in his wisdom and judgment, felt certain that he would enter upon his task with no preconceived conclusions and with that complete absence of self-deception which was, perhaps, his greatest quality. The correspondence brings out very clearly how anxious the new High Commissioner was to create a fresh and friendly atmosphere for the discussion of differences with the South African Republic, pressing the representations of the Imperial Government as gently as possible, and carefully avoiding all subjects that might give rise to fresh disputes. His whole conception, as he explained to the Colonial Office, was "to make things as easy as possible for President Kruger. Reform there must be, but the Boers must not be unduly harassed or hurried. They must be given time and every opportunity to reform themselves." Meanwhile he devoted himself with immense energy to getting to know South Africa, travelling through Cape Colony, Basutoland and up to Rhodesia, studying Dutch to bring himself nearer to the Dutch farmers, accessible to all, and winning golden opinions from all sections of the community.

A year's patient study convinced the High Com-

missioner of two things. The first was that there was no prospect of spontaneous internal reform in the Transvaal, but that, on the contrary, the Government of the South African Republic was becoming increasingly irreconcilable and truculent in its attitude towards any representations which His Majesty's Government might make. The second was that the greatest danger to peace lay in President Kruger's belief that, no matter how bad his case, the mass of Afrikander opinion in Cape Colony would rally to its defence against the British Government. In March, 1898, he took the opportunity of the presentation of an address by the local branch of the Afrikander Bond at Graaf Reinet, protesting against the charge of disloyalty, to speak out his mind. Drawing a picture of the freedom and equality of life in a British Colony, in unspoken contrast to the state of affairs in the Transvaal, he pointed out that the only thing that gave substance to a charge, which would otherwise be absurd, was the determination of a large section of the population to espouse the cause of the Transvaal against the British Government whatever the merits of the case. He urged that section to

> use all their influence, not in confirming the Transvaal in unjustified suspicions, not in encouraging its government in obstinate resistance to all reform, but in inducing it gradually to assimilate its institutions, and, what is even more important, the temper and spirit of its administration to those of the free communities of South Africa such as this Colony or the Orange Free State.

A year later Milner had become convinced that the situation in the Transvaal had become intolerable, and that the Imperial Government was bound to intervene to remedy a state of affairs which was poisoning the whole life of South Africa. He had also become convinced as to what that remedy must be, not one involving continual further British intervention or diminishing the independence of the Republic, but one which, while strengthening its independence, would alter its whole

temper and outlook. That remedy was to give the Uitlanders the opportunity of ceasing to be British subjects, if they wished, and of becoming citizens of the Republic. The case both for intervention, and for the line it should take, was set forth with unanswerable force in a despatch of May 4th, 1899, of which the following paragraph gives the gist:

> The true remedy is to strike at the root of all these injuries, the political impotence of the injured. What diplomatic protests will never accomplish, a fair measure of Uitlander representation would gradually but surely bring about. It seems a paradox, but it is true that the only effective way of protecting our subjects is to help them to cease to be our subjects. The admission of Uitlanders to a fair share of political power would no doubt give stability to the Republic. But it would at the same time remove most of our causes of difference with it, and modify and in the long run entirely remove that intense suspicion and bitter hostility to Great Britain which at present dominates its internal and external policy.

Three weeks later he met President Kruger at Bloemfontein and in five days of continuous conference vainly endeavoured to persuade him to agree to admitting the Uitlanders to the franchise after five years' residence. "That would be worse than annexation" was all that the grim old Voortrekker had to say to a proposal which would, for all time, have preserved the independence of the Republic, but which would certainly have, sooner or later, meant the end of his system of government. There followed four months of political manœuvre. In July the Transvaal put forward proposals for a seven years' franchise which bore no real resemblance to the simple terms of admission to citizenship which Milner had advocated, but which for a moment made Chamberlain believe that a settlement was in sight. In August Smuts was allowed to offer a five years' franchise on reasonable terms which was in effect revoked two days later by being coupled with wholly inacceptable stipulations as to the formal renunciation of British suzerainty and of all claim to interfere in Transvaal affairs. The real fact was that the Transvaal had made up its mind to fight

instead of accepting terms which all its friends among the Dutch leaders in Cape Colony considered reasonable and vainly urged upon President Kruger in private, without having the courage to associate themselves with Lord Milner and the British Government in public. Before the end of September the Boer decision to go to war was practically irrevocable, and only practical difficulties arising out of the mobilization of the commandos delayed for a fortnight the ultimatum delivered on October 9th, and thus enabled the arrival of troops from India to save Natal.

Throughout these months Milner's task was one of incredible difficulty and anxiety. Striving for peace, if true and lasting peace could be secured, up to the last moment, he was yet determined to reject any compromise that would merely have saved the face of the British Government and left the whole situation essentially unremedied. Nor must it ever be forgotten that while he pursued firmly and unflinchingly the course he had set before himself, he was all the time faced with the possibility of a military disaster for which he would certainly be held responsible. Whatever the ultimate disparity between the combatants, the Republics were in overwhelming strength on the spot, and could force the issue long before reinforcements could arrive. His task was made no easier by the fact that his own Commander-in-Chief, Sir W. Butler, was violently opposed to his policy and that his Ministers in Cape Colony were out of sympathy and intensely reluctant to sanction any defensive precautions. What stands out with extraordinary vividness from the day by day record of Milner's thoughts and actions during those anxious months is, above all, his unshrinking sincerity and his unwavering courage. Those qualities were called upon once again to play a decisive part in the most critical moments of the Great War.

May the Empire be fortunate enough to find his like in the next great crisis of its fate.

The Pacifist Fallacy

By Douglas Jerrold

THERE are two great dangers to the peace of the world to-day. The first is the British pacifist policy, the second, the French militarist policy. The first is the more dangerous because it is an aggressive policy, whereas French policy, provocative though it is to the sensibilities of her neighbours, is, in the judgment of many, essentially defensive.

It is essential for all who wish for peace to free themselves before it is too late from the tyranny of words and forms. If a man conceives it to be a necessary piece of intellectual honesty to say "I am not a pacifist," nine ordinary people out of ten, and ten politicians out of ten, will hold up their hands in horror. From their point of view they will be right, for they will imagine that a man who is not a pacifist does not desire peace, and a man who does not desire peace is either a knave or a fool, and is often both.

A similar feeling of indignation, or, at the best, of irritation, will be roused in many minds by my description of English policy as aggressive. For it is, of course, true to say that armed invasion or blockade as weapons of policy are wholly absent from the minds of English statesmen to-day. No English statesman, indeed, would dream even of using the threat of war. Surely, the plain man will say, such a policy is essentially non-aggressive.

Now there is everything to be said for the use of words in their common meaning. Paradoxes rightly irritate, but I challenge the popular use of the words pacifism and aggression precisely because the connotation which these words are beginning to acquire is a danger to peace. Words are the dynamite of politics. Great causes have been lost by the popular misunderstanding and misuse of words. A man who votes against the cry "work or maintenance" does not do so because he prefers that men should starve, but because he realizes that the implied antithesis between a Socialist policy capable of

finding work for all or of paying men full wages for not working, and a capitalist policy which places the unemployed worker at a disadvantage is a false antithesis. Similarly the British public have got to be brought to realize equally clearly that the verbal appearances which suggest that a "pacifist" policy is by its nature non-aggressive and promotes peace are false appearances.

Pacifism is not a policy differing from others because it aims at peace, but because it aims at peace in a particular way. It cannot be better summarized than it was by Sir John Simon in his recent speech on Manchuria when he said that the essential object of the League of Nations was the settlement of disputes by peaceful means. That is pacifism, and the reason why pacifism is a danger to peace is because it is a policy which attaches more importance to the means of settlement than to the nature of the settlement and begs what is the fundamental question whether an unjust settlement ever settles anything. The difference between the pacifist and the non-pacifist is that the non-pacifist believes, and he has the whole of human history on his side, that an unjust settlement never endures but creates on the other hand that bitterness which, growing up over years and poisoning the minds of whole generations of men and women, leads inevitably to war.

It is only necessary to turn aside for a moment to examine the contention of certain (but not of the majority of) pacifists, that, human nature being naturally inclined to justice, agreed settlements will normally be just. Essentially, this begs the question. Self-interest, not virtue, will provide that where a genuine agreement is reached between two parties to a dispute, the agreement will usually be based on justice. This is not because of any inherent desire for justice, but because just settlements are the more durable. But "settlements" of the kind to which the post-war world has become lamentably accustomed—"settlements" which the disputants are induced to accept by a group of

third parties, usually in anticipation of diplomatic or financial favours to come—these "settlements" have at once the disadvantage of being forced upon the parties and the disadvantage of not being based on justice. Because they are unjust, they are temporary; because they are enforced, they create intense irritation; finally, because they are compromises, they progressively depreciate the moral authority of the intervening parties, and thus make each successive "settlement" more difficult to reach, and more worthless when it is reached.

Now as to aggression. Aggression is not necessarily, and, indeed, is, in history, hardly ever, a matter of armed force. It is a policy as often adopted by the weak against the strong as *vice versa*. The policy adopted by the Boer republics towards the British Government was aggression over a long period of years—a policy of pin pricks, of dubious legal decisions, of discriminating legislation. The history of Ireland alike before the Union, during the Union, and under the Free State is the history of almost continual aggression by a lawless minority against the constituted authority (whether that authority was rightly or wrongly constituted is beside the point in this connection). The essence of aggression is the attempt by positive action, whether diplomatic, legal, financial or military, to alter the *status quo*. Its most usual historical form is the attempt to alter the *status quo* by diplomatic or financial pressure exercised under the forms of peace; an attempt usually made in the belief that the party aggressed against will not resort to force. Assuming the party aggressed against to have justice on its side, nothing can prevent it resorting to force except the international acceptance of the duty for enforcing justice. No compromise settlement in face of aggression can ever be lasting because in its very nature the dispute will not have come to a head until the aggrieved party has persuaded itself that its position has become intolerable and that the other party to the dispute is determined, so long as it

is not prevented forcefully, to see that it remains so. As General Smuts has wisely said, wars have hitherto been the only solvent of "intolerable situations," and the League machinery can only be a substitute if and when it sets itself firmly to the task of making intolerable situations tolerable by changing them in accordance with the requirements of justice.

It follows as certainly as night follows day that the pacifist attitude towards the settlement of international disputes is not merely likely, but, in all serious disputes, is almost bound to fail. It follows equally clearly that, when it appears to succeed, it will most probably merely delay the issue. A great Power will exercise the greater patience over a longer period than a small Power. This is human nature. A small Power, uncertain of its prestige or security, may "react," at the first touch of an aggressive policy pursued by its neighbours. In such a case national feeling will not have been thoroughly aroused, and in such a case a settlement by consent or compromise may be achieved by international intervention. The answer to the exaggerated claims made by the League in regard to such isolated cases of successful intervention by that organization is that such temporary moments of tension between rival and adjoining States have always occurred, and were, in fact, settled, in nine cases out of ten, before the League was ever heard of, without recourse to war. But, unless the settlement was one which removed the injustice, the dispute inevitably recurred. The same will apply to compromise settlements achieved internationally.

The usefulness of the League for the prevention of war depends, in short, on a radical change in its aims which must not be the settlement of disputes by peaceful as opposed to forceful means, but the settlement of disputes in accordance with the merits of the case as opposed to the settlement of disputes in accordance with the military and economic strength of the disputants.

If all cases of aggression against the *status quo* were

cases of unjust aggression, or were at least universally conceived to be unjust, there would be no problem, once the right principle was pursued. Once, however, we depart from the *status quo* as our definition of justice in the matter of international rights, the justice of every attempt to modify it becomes a matter of opinion. In such a case international intervention with the object of securing justice, instead of localizing the conflict, extends it. The mere fear of such an extension may keep the peace for a decade or two, just as the pre-war balance of power kept it: the magnitude of the potential explosion would now, as then, act as a deterrent very often. But in the end the deterrent would fail.

Why, then, facing frankly this appalling danger, as every honest man must face it, do I attack the "pacifist" policy which makes a peaceful settlement the pre-eminent and almost exclusive end?

Here we reach the kernel of the argument. The pacifist policy stands condemned to failure because it puts a premium on aggressive action against the *status quo*, because aggressive acts against the *status quo* are the fundamental cause of all international disputes, and because, while bringing such international disputes into being, pacifism is not capable of settling them.

The chain of cause and effect is surely clear enough. Once the peaceful settlement of disputes becomes the supreme purpose of diplomacy, the aggressor has everything to gain and nothing to lose. He will never depart from an international inquiry with nothing so long as a peaceful settlement, not a just settlement, is the declared policy of our international assemblies. What is left to the other party is to dispute? The other party will either ignore the international tribunal or council, or it will yield a point or two with a feeling of injustice which will ensure a prompt and independent reaction to any further acts of aggression.

The truth of this diagnosis is written large, not only over the history of the Chino-Japanese disputes in Man-

churia, but over the history of post-war Europe. Every year since that event has seen council after council, conference after conference. With each step taken mutual distrust has grown, armed forces have been increased, causes of friction have multiplied. Provocative actions which would have been impossible under the old diplomacy are daily events to-day, because those working for the disturbance of the *status quo* have an imposing sequence of tribunals to which they can address their claims under the full appearance of legality, and, indeed, of amity. So marked is the general impotence to defend confidently even the most elementary rights of man that banditry, murder and religious persecution, when they are not ignored by the post-war world in the cynical pretence that such a course serves the cause of peace, merely lead the murderers and the persecutors to the conference table, accompanied by free accommodation at first-class cosmopolitan hotels.

For this lamentable state of affairs successive British governments, keeping, as they have done, strictly in step with the United States, have been largely responsible. Inevitably the chief movement against the *status quo* has come from Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and, to a lesser extent, Italy and Greece. The chief defenders of the *status quo*, equally inevitably, are France, Poland and the Succession States. The result has been that we have been led more and more to play the part of the "honest" broker between two groups of powers, one of whom take their stand on the sanctity, the other on the unfairness, of treaties to which we ourselves are signatories. Unofficial England does not to-day conceal her distaste for the compulsory and unilateral limitation of armaments imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty; unofficial England is frankly in favour of the union of Germany and Austria; the heart of unofficial England is lukewarm about the inviolability of the Polish Corridor clauses, and it is actually passionate on the subject of the violability of the reparations clauses in the Treaty of Versailles.

It is not because the unofficial English view is necessarily wrong that it has been wholly ineffective. It is ineffective because, whether it be right or wrong, it is utterly inconsistent with our pacifist policy. It is perfectly futile to support, and even, in some cases, to initiate, a move against the treaty rights and privileges of a group of powerful and sensitive nations, and at the some time pin your faith on settlement by consent. The old-fashioned machinery for modifying the *status quo* was diplomacy backed by force. The only alternative policy is the adjudication of international disputes by a tribunal (*a*) pledged to secure, not settlements by consent, but settlements according with the principles of abstract justice, (*b*) capable of deciding a case submitted to it in accordance to these principles, and (*c*) enjoying the moral and material authority necessary to enforce its decision.

Neither of these two ways of giving effect to our unofficial policy is open to this country to-day. We have ourselves devitalized the League of Nations by saddling it with a policy which by its very nature deprives it of moral authority or political efficacy. Its face-saving formulæ disgust the idealist and are laughed at by the practical man all over Europe and Asia. As for direct action on our own, we have no financial weapons left and we are pledged not to resort to war.

We do not desire to see a bellicose policy pursued by our rulers. We content ourselves with two conclusions. In the first place it is a piece of gratuitous folly on the part of publicists and politicians to pursue a policy at least apparently favourable to treaty revision so long as we stand to the pacifist policy of settlement by consent. This policy can only lead, as it has led, to superficial concessions ungraciously accepted and leading to an intensification of national enmities.

In the second place it is useless for us to lead a national crusade for international justice because we have, as an isolated country, neither the men nor the money nor the political prestige.

Were it possible to vitalize the League of Nations, to imbue it with a single effective thought for the welfare of the peoples, by which we mean to imbue it with the courage and the will to make common sacrifices for that end, we might by our support of the League contribute our share to the rebuilding of the world's peace. As men of the world, however, we are forced to realize that at present we have little to expect in Geneva save a re-hash of the oldest tricks of the pre-war diplomacy. Such tricks, played on the smouldering passions of a world in ruins, on the fears and jealousies of peoples driven near to desperation by suffering, indignity, and the exactions of revenge, are dangerous. Further, they are not dangerous with the danger which attaches to every desperate venture for justice' sake, but dangerous without virtue and without purpose. The time has come to make an end of these tricks. They are tricks which are unworthy of their authors, but quite inevitable accompaniments of the attempt to settle by consent problems which can only by effectively ordered by a judicial tribunal armed with the strongest moral and material weapons.

A part and perhaps a decisive part can still be played, but it can be played only by the British Commonwealth as a whole agreeing to make its continued adherence to the League conditional on the settlement of the outstanding questions of reparations, customs unions and frontiers between the parties themselves. Failing such a settlement there remains the policy of Canning—a deliberate withdrawal from Continental and trans-Atlantic engagements and covenants, with a free hand to assert when and where we choose those historic causes of freedom and order and justice which will remain in the future as in the past the highest of British interests.

This is not Death

By Humbert Wolfe

LAY aside phrases; speak as in the night
a child in terror might.
Confess that you are lonely, that you heard
some foot or hand that stirred,
that, holding your own breath, you almost hear
the midnight breath of Fear,
that tearless, soundless in your heart you pray:
"God! give me back the day!"
Yes! God can give it back, but not the one
that you have dreamed upon.
The black will turn to grey, the grey to blue
distance, but not for you,
and not for you the cheerful voice of men
will warm the heart again.
Nor will your friends or enemies intrude
upon that solitude
where only shadows drift and cross and pass,
seen sideways in your glass.
Make not complaint. For neither prayer nor tear
has its old power here.
This is not silence rounded by the deep
deliverance of sleep,
but by the empty spaces where the will
to wake again is still.
You chose, and you abide the choice, apart,
saying to your own heart:
"Beat if you must, though softly," to the brain,
"Must you imagine pain?"
And last of all say to the sobbing breath:
"No, fool, this is not death."

The Hilpe Correspondence (III)

By Douglas Woodruff

ANYBODY living, as Edward Hilpe attempted to do, in the country on a small income was likely to find the question of domestic servants perpetually recurring and perpetually unsolved. In large part this was plainly due to certain difficulties, one might almost say defects, in the character of his wife, now his widow, Bessie, who will, I hope, pardon my frankness in thus alluding to her when I remind her that after all I am the literary executor and hold all the letters of her late husband and choose which of them I will print. Widows are supposed to be a holy class (*vide* the Acts of the Apostles), and I have every confidence that Mrs. Edward Hilpe will become a credit to them.

The letters begin with this *cri de cœur*.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

Living as you do in the country and beloved, as I know you are, by rich and poor alike in Herefordshire, I am sure you will sympathize and do what you can to help in the following matter. This house is only four miles—three by the stiles and footpath—from a market town with two cinemas and many other attractions. The bus service is reasonably close and frequent. Wireless has been laid on in the kitchen. Yet Bessie is now faced, for the third time in a year and a half, with the prospect of a complete denudation of the kitchen staff. Emma Staines is remaining, but both the new cook and the kitchen girl are leaving at the end of the month, and, uncomfortable as things will be, I must say I am rather glad. Bessie never hit it off with them from the start, and this and the difficulty of reaching the house after dark seem to be the two guiding motives in their departure. I have never known two people more averse to making and serving cocoa at odd times, and without her cocoa Bessie is not herself and not up to coping with the management of a house. Her father was the same, only

in his case it was something stronger than cocoa, and Bessie's mother brought all the girls up to rely on a warm, sustaining drink lest their father's example should prove their undoing. Thank heaven Bessie has never been tempted that way, but she, more perhaps than most women, does need willing service, and it seems to me that English people are less willing than they were. So you perhaps know in your village of young women who are at once intelligible and tractable and unspoiled by the lure of the towns. If so, and if you would interview and select them and send me word, you would be doing a really kinsman's act to

Your affect. nephew,
EDWARD HILPE.

This letter must have found Uncle Robert in a somewhat mischievous mood and with time on his hands, for he said neither yes nor no to the practical side of his nephew's letter and seized the opening for a somewhat general discussion.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

You will be surprised and at first puzzled if I say that I have received your letter and that my answer to your request is a question—what progress are you making (*a*) with your history of the one-man business in twentieth-century England; (*b*) with your projected association for the defence of individual liberty? But my reason for asking is easily apparent. Your request to me is to help to find you servants, to comb this village to which I am by now greatly attached, to seek out the finest characters I can find among the younger women and to persuade them to devote their energies to promoting the comfort of you, your wife and your children. If you will pause for a moment to think you will see what an intimate relation that of service is; I do not think really that anything more intimate than the union of wills implied in service can be imagined. It follows surely that the whole question of who will be willing to serve

you must touch on the further question: what are you up to yourself? Do you represent a cause which will strike a good woman, such as this village is rich in, as worthy of her daily and devoted care? If you were a clergyman or a doctor it would be plain sailing, but what am I to say you are? An author! But what is to happen if I send you a virtuous housemaid, and after she has swept your study for a few weeks she notices that your manuscript never grows any larger, that she is preparing the study daily for work that does not, in fact, take place in it, and that her effort to live a useful life is being thwarted? She resigns, perhaps saving your feelings by giving as the ostensible reason that the cinema is too far off, and leaving your conscience to tell you that it is the tell-tale condition of your desk and the daily indolence which cannot for long be hidden from housemaids any more than gluttony can be hidden from cooks. In short, are you fit to have and to keep good servants or do you deserve rather bad and purely mercenary service? It stands to reason that the good servants ought to be serving those who really need their help. It is a disaster when a fraudulent company promoter gets a really good butler who makes his life so smooth and easy that he never gets rattled at home and thinks clearly and well and makes no mistakes in his plans for over-reaching other people and escapes the jail to which he by rights belongs.

That butler, in proportion as he is good at his own job, is an accessory, strengthening the arm of an enemy of mankind, and if he saw his position aright he would be as unhappy as a Christian captured and chained to the galley of a Turk. Only the butler is not chained, and the load on his soul is a heavy one. In a word, employers' references ought to be far wider than they are, and far more exhaustive than the references of those who are going to fit in a subordinate way into the employer's plan. You rather seem to me to have overlooked this important aspect and to have slid into the habit of think-

ing the service of you and your family an obvious and satisfactory end in itself. I will busy myself in the village when I hear from you again.

Your affect. Uncle,

ROBERT HILPE.

Bewildered annoyance seems to have been the mood of my friend Edward after receiving such a letter. He wanted a day or two to collect his thoughts, and then he wrote back.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

The difficulty of running this house, and I believe any house, is quite sufficient without your introducing this quite indefensibly rancid red herring. There is too much cant in the world about service as it is without letting it spread to the kitchen. The world would be a pretty unpleasant place if everyone refused to do anything for anybody without first conducting a moral examination. On your view newspaper boys ought not to sell the latest winners to all who proffer them a penny, but only to those who can afford to bet, and doctors would have to ask themselves what was the value of the life they proposed to save. I simply cannot see where your principle is to stop. You mentioned doctors and clergymen and said that if I were one or the other it would be easy for me to get a good servant from your high-minded village. I won't talk about clergymen now, beyond agreeing that they are in a strong position in so far as (it is not a small qualification) their labours make men morally better. But what about doctors? They give health to all and sundry, to the vamp and the moneylender as much as to the clergy or the benevolent man. (I am assuming they do have all this effect on our health.) And what is the logical and moral position of the housemaid who helps the doctor who helps the wicked moneylender. She might just as well have helped the wicked moneylender directly. As for farmers how can they ever sleep on your theory, providing, as they

do, the milk which rears babies who may, any of them, become the most dangerous criminals. I am not saying that if you answer an advertisement and discover you have entered the employment of a master-mind which is controlling a vast and evil organization for the ruin of the world, as often happens in detective fiction, you ought not to clear out as soon as ever you can, but short of that I think everyone ought to be given the benefit of the doubt. The standard should be a negative one, and I think we might trust the police to remove from the list of potential employers those who do not deserve the assistance of other human beings. In the meantime Bessie finds the prospects of the winter very discouraging and talks of our going into a hotel in Bournemouth, which is an affliction even a parchment uncle would hesitate to inflict upon his affectionate nephew

EDWARD.

Uncle Robert found several points to take up in such a letter.

MY DEAR NEPHEW (he wrote),

It is refreshing to find you, of all nephews, taking a hard common-sense view of this matter, but I think you very much overdo it. You have everybody on your side, for it is easy to imagine the flutter my view would cause in all the houses where maiden ladies rule firmly and think it an enormity if meals are late. Every man who is secretly afraid of the cook will curse me for wishing to put a further weapon in the hands of that powerful class of women. The Americans in particular will be very angry since all their labour-saving devices cannot reproduce the comfort that comes from human service, and yet they cannot bribe each other into doing the work, since they cannot bring themselves to respect each other.

But elderly men with comfortable incomes living in the country can afford to annoy people and can be very useful that way, so I am not asking you to hush up my

views. For I am not disposed to modify them much. Under modern conditions all sorts of people, in flats and the like, can arrange for the domestic services they need on a strictly cash basis, which is equivalent to the shopkeeper and professional man's basis of serving everybody and washing their hands of what the customer does with his boots or his health or whatever it is. I would not, if I were a judge, arraign and punish hotel commissionaires because they had done the errands of wicked hotel residents, unless a conscious partnership was obvious. But I have always been puzzled at the way people will enter domestic service of a permanent and intimate sort without ever troubling to answer the question what the household they made possible is for, and without graduating the wages they expect in consequence. Schools commonly make reductions for the sons of clergymen, but you do not hear of cooks taking less because it is a clergyman's house. Servants in India sometimes ask higher wages if their master's temper is bad, but that is a matter of their own comfort, not a disinterested love of virtue. After all, I take it that you, if you held any stocks or shares, as your other quite recent letters have made it plain you do not, would recognize a moral responsibility not to lend your money to people whom you had good reason to suspect were cut-throats or sweaters. You would not do such people the service of lending them money.

It has always surprised me that trust funds and marriage settlements, and so on, which watch the security so carefully, do not say more about the moral aspects of gilt-edged stocks. I often feel that the modern Socialists, with their ridiculous and abominable pretence that savings do no work and that *rentiers* are people who have saddled themselves as burdens on other people's backs, have done an additional and often unobserved lot of harm by making people less careful morally than they ought to be about how they invest their money. People hear what Socialists or Communists, at any rate, are

saying, and, having perceived its falsity, consider that morals have no more questions to ask about investment. Speculation I leave apart. It has, or should have, no connection with housemaids. What I want established is that people must look beyond their noses to see the results of their actions; domestic servants should ask, before asking where is the house or what is the wage, who are the people, are they people to assist to go on living or people who ought to come to an end. Professional men should ask it before and during their services—even stopping in the middle of an operation, explaining, with apologies, that really after further thought, and people with money should inquire very carefully before they lend it, to satisfy themselves that their profits will be made not only legally, but morally. Or do you think quite the opposite on all these points?

Your affect. Uncle,
ROBERT HILPE.

It is plain from Edward's next letter that he realized that the controversy was becoming dangerously wide and that there was a real danger that it would extend, while his need for a cook and a kitchen girl went unsatisfied, and his wife, who was like most women in caring little about clearing up general points, became more and more uncomfortable and vented her irritation upon one of the few remaining inmates of the house—himself. So at least I conjecture from the tone of his reply.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I do not feel disposed to follow you into your dialectical jungle. It suffices for me to observe that your principle can easily be reduced to absurdity, since good comes out of evil, and *vice versa*. Let your surgeon stop in the middle and let the wicked moneylender die under the anæsthetic. Some of the repercussions will be good. Certain victims will escape when a more humane successor inherits their debts. But other moneylenders will get more business, some of them worse than the one your

surgeon did for. And what of the good side which that moneylender no doubt had? All sacrificed. No, Uncle Robert, you are here up against the *consensus generalis* of mankind which has long since realized that the most people can do is to refuse to perform specific acts in furtherance of evil ends of other people. Gunsmiths, when they are asked for loaded revolvers by distraught young females, if there is no licence formality as in England, will insert dummy cartridges. But they will not refuse revolvers and ammunition to ordinary customers, but will give them the benefit of the doubt. And that is what companies which issue prospectuses want to be given, and that is what I want to be given by the young women in your village who are inclined to fancy domestic service. I have not been in prison, and even if I had I should say I had purged my sins by my sentence and was entitled to help now. The principle of domestic service, as I understand it, is that of the division of function. No one is at his maximum efficiency all the years of his life. There are ups and downs, and if the cook and kitchenmaid you send find me, for the next year or two, as well they may, in a down, unable to make progress in the books which are my work and justification, they must on no account draw the deduction that it is their duty to give notice and leave and seek some more plainly valuable individual to serve. Let them rather think of me as an immortal soul who needs to be looked after in the body, and who will fall into the most frightful melancholia, leading very possibly to despair and perhaps to one of those horribly squalid cut-throat family murders, where all the members of the family are discovered in different rooms. In other words, dear uncle, please go through your village looking for the best girls, and explaining to them that life for the middle classes is a difficult thing at best, that they must not expect to see good achievement going consciously and uninterruptedly forward in the home, either in the master's study or elsewhere, but that if they can keep a certain Mr. and

Mrs. Hilpe and young Hilpes warm and fed and generally housed, so that they do not degenerate through misery or become a menace to themselves and others, but jog quietly along and are pleased, they will be doing an extremely useful and, I dare to say it, uncle, a noble thing. And the sooner you find volunteers for this work, the less formidable will the task prove to be.

Your loving nephew,
EDWARD.

But Uncle Robert still seemed in no great hurry to stir.

DEAR EDWARD,

Several points in your letter strike me as significant. You attempt to prove that a principle can easily be carried too far. I agree, but principles of conduct still remain. You then attempt to set a low ideal for persons in domestic service, who are to regard the contented sanity of their employers as sufficient reward and justification, so that at the day of Doom they will be able to point out as their life's work the paunch that somebody else has grown or the benign expression on some elderly dame's countenance—really Edward, it won't do, when you remember, as it will be remembered at judgment day, that they were quite free to choose whom they would serve and whether they would live by service at all. The only really strong point, to my mind, was your almost casual reference to the young Hilpes. That is different. I have not found them all I had hoped, but at least they are young and as long as people are young they may always turn out all right in the end. In innumerable households you find the servants particularly attached to the children. You see the children and you wonder why. Believe me, it is not that those cooks and housemaids are so blind as not to see the children as they are, but that the children represent a principle of hope. Hope and weakness. To bring them up, even by just cooking breakfast for them, is a constructive

activity which cannot be adjudged a failure till they have received several chances in adult life and been finally shipped abroad. And even then they may follow bitter and evil courses for many years and yet return to righteousness, particularly if their childhood was spent under good influences. That is why the best cooks and housemaids always seek houses with children. It saves them from expecting much of the adults. Whereas whoever becomes cook to a single maiden lady must find a saint, not for the comfort of the kitchen, but for the justification of the meals she is proposing, through many years, to cook. If I go into the village to-morrow and ask who will feed and tend you and Bessie, there will be searching questions—or so I fondly hope—and a good many expressions to the effect that it would do you good to look after yourselves. But if I say that a family of young children need to be reared, the more energetic and capable of the unmarried will feel their chance has come and will gladly volunteer. It is, after all, a quite simple extension of the truth that children give point to a home, that they justify housekeeping and housework which must always look otiose when done for two people who are living together for their mutual aid and pleasure, but who do not need a staff to help them do that. However, you are, in this connection, well placed by the presence of my young nephews, and I will certainly see what I can do.

Your affect. uncle,

ROBERT.

Edward wrote post haste.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT,

Do not, whatever you do, say much about the boys, except that they exist. More is dangerous. Above all, do not say it is a noble work to look after them, though it is, indeed, and do not encourage any high-minded enquiry from the kitchen into the ways in which Bessie and I spend the time. On the whole Bessie says

she thinks it will be an advantage if you send someone—but two if possible—not too good-looking or intelligent, in a word, someone she can train.

Your affect. nephew,

EDWARD.

The rest is no more than a note from the old man.

Alice Garbucker leaves with her box for your home to-morrow, she is quite willing to be trained by Bessie if an addition of half is made to the wages in return for the annoyance of being trained. She used to be at the vicarage, but left on becoming a theosophist, after arguments. She has been twice widowed and understands children. She is not too good-looking and expresses the view that marriage is overrated, so I think she should settle down with you. She intends that her daughters shall join her if she likes the house. She is a firm and energetic character, with clear views, and I think you will find her an effective influence making for the plain living and high thinking. She does not allow promiscuous cocoa in any house she cooks for, but I assured her you would meet her on a trifle like that.—R. H.

Portrait of Lord Rosebery*

By J. C. Squire

HOW dull this book might have been, and how readable it is! Lord Crewe, had he followed in the footsteps of all too many predecessors, would have spent three-quarters of his time wandering amid the sands of dead political controversies, explaining at enormous length what were the reasons why Lord Rosebery took precisely the line he took about the Welsh Tithes Commutation Bill and the Isle of Thanet Bee Diseases Bill, and the lines respectively taken on these great measures by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cross, and Sir Henry Fowler. This course he has deliberately avoided: he refers readers to the tomes of other men for the small details of political history, and contents himself with sufficient outlines of the principal episodes in which his subject was involved. This enables him to concentrate on his portrait of Lord Rosebery, which is painted with the assistance of a great deal of material drawn from letters and diaries. An extraordinarily attractive portrait it is.

Most people of this generation remember Rosebery in his later years, chiefly as a rather disgruntled statesman in retirement, who occasionally emerged to the cross-benches or some Imperial Festival to prophesy doom—usually with profound sagacity and great accuracy. "A raven croaking on a withered bough" was how he described himself years before the war. It was known that he suffered from insomnia; it was believed that he suffered from disappointed ambition; the Liberal journalists commonly and cruelly treated him as a sort of talented Roman patrician, with large collar, full jowl and a sated batrachian eye, who toyed with politics and literature as he toyed with the turf—an indolent, supercilious and gifted poseur, whose final attitude was to retire sulkily to his very luxurious set of tents. He

* Lord Rosebery. By the Marquess of Crewe, K.G. (2 vols., illustrated. John Murray. 42s.)

never deigned to explain himself: taste supplied one, very justifiable, inhibition: a fundamental shy diffidence supplied another. He has been explained at last. The man who to the newspapers was the secluded dilettante who enjoyed periodically being the "silver-tongued orator of Empire" stands revealed as a very sensitive, affectionate and modest man, who was handicapped by his versatility. Poverty might have forced him into greatness; as it was, he had, largely unconsciously, a divided aim. He was drawn to politics partly by a sense of duty and partly by a genius for public speech; but the inner heart of him was the heart of a man of letters.

They knew him when he was young. His mother knew him: to her he was a devoted son and she knew that his nature was profoundly religious. His Eton tutor was William Johnson Cory, and Cory knew him. Cory wrote these two things about him:

> I would give you a piece of plate if you would get that lad to work; he is one of those who like the palm without the dust.
>
> I am doing all I can to make him a scholar; anyhow he will be an orator, and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in.

The first sentence may be disputed: Rosebery was never lazy, he was merely uncertain and limited in aim—also prone to ill-health. The second is utterly true.

It is confirmed over and over again here by the evidence of Rosebery's sensibility, charm, delight in beauty, wit and broad humanity. It is confirmed also by countless written passages. Two may be quoted. The first comes from a Rectorial Address: it is characteristic in its sonorous magniloquence; he was a disciple of Johnson and Gibbon and he wrote with his senatorial robes about him when writing for publication. The second comes from a youthful letter from Savannah, and shows (as many another delightful or noble passage shows) what he could have written had he let himself go in public as he did in private:

> And how solemn a moment is that passing forth from the cloisters of learning into the great Vanity Fair of the world, there

to make for good or for evil, the choice of Hercules and abide by the result. Even I may, without presumption, indicate to you the crucial importance of that crisis of your lives, when it lies with you to decide whether your career shall be a heritage of woe or a fruitful blessing and an honoured memory. Day by day the horizon of human possibility, which now lies so unbounded before you, must contract; the time must come when, under the stroke of illness or the decay of nature, hope and health, the pride and power of life and intellect, which now seem so inseparable from your triumphant youth, will have passed away. There will then be no surer consolation, humanly speaking, than the consciousness of honest hope fulfilled, of health not abused, of life and intellect exerted in all its strength and fullness, not like water poured upon the sand, but for the raising and bettering in some degree of some portion of your fellow-men. I would fain hope that this living mass of generous youth before me was animated by no less a hope, by no lower an inspiration, and that in coming years it will be my pride and privilege to hear some of you at any rate receiving the merited praises of grateful mankind.

The most heavenly place except Naples which I have ever seen. Fancy a little city of 30,000 inhabitants, with its streets so lined with forest trees that looking down the road one sees a glade and not a row of houses; in which each of the many squares is a shady grove where standard magnolias twenty feet high and more grow by the public way, where the private gardens are thickets of camellias white with flowers and orange trees yellow with fruit, where the sandy roads make the city so quiet that the stillness is broken by the song of birds, where the air is the breath of early morning and the sun is the sun of our summer, and all this on the 5th of December. A little way out of the town there is a place called Bonaventure, formerly the seat of an old English family who planted it out in avenues of oaks. The place is now deserted, and the aisles of overlapping branches with the delicate semi-tropical moss hanging down like snow wreaths look like the naves of ruined cathedrals or the approaches of some sacred sepulchre. I do not know that I ever saw anything so singular in its mournful beauty, and they say that when moonlight shoots the branches and lights up the grey arches the effect is indescribably wild and solemn. Would you not like, as I wish, to live at Savannah, and be buried at Bonaventure? The city has bought it for a cemetery, for which it is all the more suitable that it is too unhealthy to live in.

In public Rosebery could never be quite natural: even his informalities were formal. In private he seems to have

been as enchanting as his private letters were. The public never knew the man: fastidious, generous, almost morbidly scrupulous, a connoisseur of fineness in all things: he, as his uncle warned him against doing when he was young, made himself "incomprehensible."

Politically, I think that the ultimate truth about him was that he had to be in the Liberal Party but never fitted into it. He had liberal ideas—now general, but then largely confined to a particular party—about democracy, education, imperial organization and social reforms, and he was bound, in generous youth, to join the party whose "platform" seemed most congenial. But he lived in a time of transition. The Whigs and the lusty Radicals gradually drifted away; the Liberal Party, quite apart from its disruptive affiliations, became more and more bourgeois, puritanical, long-faced, strait-laced and, at the same time, contemptuous of tradition. He could not conceivably remain in accord either with the Puritans or with the merely climbing politicians: his head, until most of his aims had been achieved, was Liberal, but his heart had always been Tory. In general outlook he was not very far removed from Mr. Baldwin; he might have been a Liberal statesman in Palmerston's day or a Conservative statesman now; he fell between two stools, in Time.

Lord Crewe has done his work perfectly. Not only has he eliminated all dull material, written with a happy conjunction of heart and brain, and refrained both from conventional adulation and indecent exposure, but he has actually *written*. The book is full of pretty turns of phrase, and of quiet humour. It reminds one that, time was, before he entered Cabinets and reigned in Embassies, when Lord Crewe was himself a very agreeable poet. The one thing he does rather skate over is Lady Rosebery, of whom the little we see makes us wish to see more. But Rosebery was his father-in-law, and reticence about family life is to be understood.

Wrong and Right Way Traffic

By Bernard Acworth

FEW will dispute that many very real evils and discomforts are now associated with transport, and more particularly with road and aerial transport. If safety is one of the tests of soundness, as surely it is, road and air transport fail very signally to pass this elementary test. We are exhorted daily to live dangerously, but surely it is in our places of work, in the firing line so to speak, that we should practise this wholly admirable injunction, and not on the way to the firing line. Transport should be a means to an end, and not, as it is becoming, an end in itself.

When we read that 200,000 accidents occurred on the roads last year, including over 6,000 fatal ones, something must be very much amiss. The tale of air casualties is, of course, incomparably higher in proportion to the number of aerial passenger journeys undertaken. Indeed, great as is the risk of accident on the roads, the risk of death in the air is many thousands of times greater. There is one redeeming feature, however, about air travel. Accidents, with few exceptions, involve the travellers only, whereas on the roads a large proportion of the victims are pedestrians. In a railway train, or even in a ship, we are as safe, if not safer, than in our homes. These vast casualty lists very definitely affect adversely the happiness of the country when we think of the tens of thousands of men, women and children who are annually bereaved.

There is yet another offence of which no form of transport should be guilty if the convenience, happiness and prosperity of all are to be considered. No vehicle, however popular, has any right to interfere with, still less to exterminate, other forms of transport which are popular, useful and, within their limitations, highly economic and profitable to users. What of horse traction? Can it be right that the use of horses should be forbidden, as is now very nearly the case, because

motorists demand that the roads of the entire country are adapted, and again and again re-adapted to their specialized requirements? Motorists, and more particularly the vast vested interests involved in oil and the internal combustion engine, speak of that great body of men who wish to continue, and indeed once again to expand, the use of horses in furtherance of their legitimate business as though they were a reactionary mob of obstructionists, an attitude of mind which, once again, does not conduce to the general good nature and therefore happiness of the community.

I have left, however, to the last a feature of modern transport that transgresses every known canon of justice, of fair dealing and, indeed, of common sense. Is it tolerable that one form of transport should be subsidized to an almost limitless extent, not only by the public at large, but by those other forms of unsubsidized transport which are being exterminated by subsidized vehicles? It is bad enough to be burnt at the stake, but victims of persecution in days gone by were generally absolved from the obligation of preparing their own funeral pyres, and always of feeding the flames that were in the actual process of roasting them. Yet this is the position of competing industries and of millions of the less well-to-do ratepayers and taxpayers who are compelled to make, re-make and maintain those speedways along which a roaring, grinding and hooting flood of traffic streams, lowering rents and making many whole districts in the country, and towns, almost unbearable.

The general misapprehension on this subject of the roads is as widespread as it is unaccountable. Few seem to realize that the motor and oil industries, and motor proprietors of all sorts, have paid only a fraction in motor and oil taxation towards that outlay on the roads which must now greatly exceed the cost of the permanent, the truly permanent, ways of the great railway systems of this country. The initial cost of the motor roads has been staggering, but this initial outlay

is only a fraction of what lies ahead of us in maintenance and reconstruction in the years to come if things go on as at present. The writer's uncle, the late Sir William Acworth, estimated the cost of road maintenance and repair as 4*d*. per ton mile so long ago as 1922, an estimate said to be conservative in those days and now probably considerably higher. On such a reckoning the taxation of heavy commercial vehicles should be at the rate of thousands, instead of tens, of pounds. Sir H. Maybury is said to have estimated the cost of reconditioning the roads of this country at £2,000,000,000.

It might seem that no man would be entitled to complain of such an outlay if it had been borne by those who needed and demanded such specialized roads, and yet there would still be a very real ground of complaint in that this huge outlay has rendered the public property of the highways unfit for legitimate and highly economic horse transport, and dangerous for all road users. Thus we cannot do better than conclude our brief discussion of some, though not all, of the evils that have gathered thickly round modern transport, mixing what should have been an unmixed blessing with tens of thousands of lusty and very reasonable curses, by emphasizing the gross inequity of subsidizing foreign oil-using transport, not only at public charges but, *mirabile dictu*, at the charges of those purely British means of transport which the motor industry is reducing to bankruptcy.

Let us, therefore, sum up some of the evils that have created almost universal discontent instead of general satisfaction with the transport situation to-day, and which have produced a state of affairs in which the health, wealth and happiness of the country are being progressively undermined rather than systematically buttressed.

1. Modern transport by road and air is no longer safe but, on the contrary, highly dangerous. In the case of road transport, moreover, that danger is shared by non-travellers.

2. Transport by road and air is a growing source of exasperation, and often of downright misery, to tens of thousands whose homes and gardens are involved in the growing hurly-burly.

3. Congestion on the roads is becoming so intense that irritation is developing between travellers and their travelling antagonists, as well as between motorists and pedestrians.

4. Road transport is giving rise to wholesale vandalism by disfiguring the countryside.

5. Mechanical road transport is bankrupting the great British railway systems and exterminating legitimate and highly economic horse transport, not on its merits, but because it has rendered the public highways unfit for horses.

6. Mechanical road transport, and aerial transport, are enormously subsidized, not only by the public at large, but by those competing forms of unsubsidized transport which are being reduced to bankruptcy by subsidized competition on the roads, and by the rise in their rates and taxes for the reconstruction and maintenance of the roads.

7. Millions of tons of heavy goods are being moved, uneconomically, by foreign oil instead of economically, without the aid of Public funds, by British coal.

Few will dispute that the foregoing evils have very definitely attached themselves to the post-war world of transport, and few will regard it as an exaggeration to describe the state of affairs that is developing under our very noses as chaos. And how are we meeting the situation that will soon reach the stage of an Emergency? Stated shortly, by experiments, palliatives and increased road subsidies. Each interest involved advances proposals which will leave their own particular interests unaffected when they do not definitely advance them. Thus we have clamour for more and bigger roads, involving countless millions in construction and future upkeep. Some go so far as to advocate the conversion of certain railway tracks into motor speedways. Others urge the compulsory dismissal of all but motor vehicles from the public highways, and, as a cure for the growing congestion and rising death-rate, an increase of speed and the removal of all restrictions. Others again suggest an increase in traffic signallers, and even a special traffic police force,

at public charges, so that the regular police can return to their proper duties.

In all this growing babel of vested interests, and perfectly legitimate and differing tastes, it is not surprising that the still small voice of reason gets no hearing, or, if its poor squeak is occasionally heard, that it is silenced by the clatter of interested tongues. There is, however, one perfect solvent of all our transport discomforts and perplexities and the solvent, it need hardly be said, is the re-birth of our national belief in *natural* economics. Every man and woman, in their heart of hearts, knows that this is so.

Whereas we allow ourselves to be swayed by the clamour of organized interests and tastes, and endeavour to find artificial and *mechanical* solutions, our wise old forefathers, differing, even as we do, as to the relative merits of alternative systems, would have cried a plague on all the vested interests and conflicting tastes and insisted that the natural laws of economics should be enthroned as judge, jury and executive disentangler of the whole tangle.

Now supposing that we had the courage to admit that our judgments are fallible, the nerve to cut ourselves free from the net of vested interests, and the good sense to insist that all modern means of transport must be entirely self-supporting as are the old-established ones, we should assuredly find in a very few months that chaos was giving way to order. It is true that considerable distress would arise in those undertakings which for ten years or more had battened on subsidy, but evils cannot be rectified without causing trouble and inconvenience to those who have been reaping a rich harvest out of the evils. For every man temporarily displaced in the motor and aircraft industries, however, many would immediately be re-absorbed into the unsubsidized basic industries.

Let us assume that the *National* Government insists that, for the future, all levies on the public for the support

of sectional and private transport interests, the new "economic" of capitalistic socialism, shall cease, and let us examine shortly the inevitable consequences.

In the first place the cost of construction, maintenance and repair of the roads, whether in town or country, would be placed squarely on the backs of vehicles, and of the passengers in the vehicles, with results that would be startling in the extreme. If vehicle taxation was fairly and honestly apportioned no vehicle would escape a charge. Perambulators, bicycles, carts, and other light vehicles would pay a very small license for the use of the roads, but the taxation of motor vehicles would rise steeply and to a point at which the vast bulk of heavy motor traffic would go out of business.

It is often claimed that motor vehicles already pay high taxation for the use of the roads. This is true, but it is also true that if they were compelled to bear the vast charges now shouldered by the tax- and rate-payers, present taxation would appear in its true light as an utterly inadequate toll for the benefits it confers. The truth of the matter is that road transport is for the most part uneconomic, notwithstanding the battle-cries of the oil and internal combustion interests, and any vast uneconomic enterprise must inevitably impoverish a country that artificially keeps this inherent bankruptcy from revealing itself by subsidy on a gigantic scale. The case of aerial transport is another glaring example of the subsidization of vested interests, though in this case the effects of a return to the governance of economics are more easy to gauge. Flying would almost, but not quite, cease, a fact constantly stressed by those who annually demand a renewal of subsidy from Parliament.

Let us, in conclusion, visualize England in five years time if the laws of supply and demand, and of self-support, were re-introduced into the country. Should we not have a bird's eye view of the following general nature?

Throughout England we should see a moderate stream of light motor vehicles moving swiftly and safely

over main trunk roads in a permanent state of perfect repair, and devoid of those armies of road-menders at present to be seen. All cross-country roads and lanes would have slipped back into their indigenous but adequate nature, requiring only occasional and inexpensive attention, tar and macadam on these roads being a thing of the past. Horses, dog-carts and wagons would have emerged once again like butterflies from the shadow of decay into the sunshine of renewed vigour. Not a heavy motor lorry would be discernible throughout the length and breadth of the land, but, instead, heavily laden goods trains would be seen moving in long procession over those steel rails which nearly 800,000 railway shareholders provided at great cost for such traffic. Not only would the railways present their old-world bustling prosperity, but on the picturesque canals we should find processions of gaily coloured barges driven by quiet engines, or pulled, if cheaper, by a noble breed of horses. The extraordinary cheapness of waterborne freight would not only re-populate our canals, and re-create a healthy economic industry, but a great coastal trade would arise on the capital now destroyed by taxation to provide subsidies for impermanent tracks for road transport, and for aerial transport. Aeroplanes would be scarcer than they are to-day, scarce as they are though enjoying huge subsidies, but the unsubsidized aircraft that remained might be a constant source of pleasure and profit. Aerial ferry-services by seaplane and flying-boat between seaside pleasure resorts not too far apart might well become a regular feature of our transport system, and casualties in such a service should prove negligible.

To those who object that such a vision is *reactionary*, in that it would tend to reduce the speed of transport, two answers are forthcoming. The speed of unsubsidized motor traffic could be safely increased because congestion would evaporate, and the great trunk motor roads would for the most part be free for the use of the limited traffic

that could afford the full economic cost of this fast road transport. The speed of express trains, like the Cheltenham Flyer, would remain, as it is to-day, the crown of the whole edifice. Heavy freight traffic does not require speed, as is all too frequently asserted, sureness, cheapness and punctuality of delivery at the specified time and place being the all-important needs. Aerial ferry services by seaplane would speed up communications for the limited number of people who can afford to pay the full cost of speed by this means.

We have at call a noble variety of means of progression, some purely natural and some equally natural though the product of the mind of man in its highest inventiveness. All are good in themselves, and none are mutually antagonistic if employed in that moderation which the laws of economics enforce. We have, in truth, the means of conjuring into existence a golden age of transport which will add to the happiness and prosperity of all, rich and poor, old and young, strong and weak, bold and timid, and of re-creating once again a truly merry and solvent England.

In the November number of the ENGLISH REVIEW, Mr. Douglas Jerrold drew attention sharply to the disastrous consequences of subsidy.

Have we not here to our hands, by the removal of these improper road and air subsidies, an important means of closing that dangerous gap in our adverse trade balance, and thus, by reducing drastically the import of foreign fuel, of increasing the use of British coal on the British railways, thereby lowering railway freights and benefiting the heavy industries and thus, again, our export trade?

The Quixotes

By R. C. Hutchinson

THE news came through slowly, as news does come from a back street in a small Ontario town. From a briefly-worded post card Armitage Cegraine learnt that he had been three weeks a grandfather. It was a month later that he heard of the girl's death—Dorothy, was that her name?—though the second event had taken place only a few days after the first. Three more weeks passed by before he heard that she had taken her child with her, away from the world which she had found so bitter.

The two successive shocks had moved him, coming as they did like a challenge to his faith in a certain order of things. Cegraine's moral beliefs had been founded on a mixture of Kantian severity and Leibnizian fatalism. He had maintained that there was a certain path of duty, which, if followed unswervingly, led to a result which was good, whatever it seemed. A streak of scepticism told him now, whispered, as it were, into his unwilling ear, that things were not thus ordered. In the course of his life several men had told Cegraine that he might be wrong. He had never before admitted it to himself.

He was returning from his bank when the last blow fell. He had pulled out a bundle of cheques from the back of his passbook, and examined them eagerly to see if a particular one was there. The first doubts of conscience had made him write this cheque; it had not been cashed. With a smile so grim that it might almost have been a frown he returned the cheques to their pocket, leant back into the deep cushions of the car, and opened an evening newspaper. In a column headed "Items from Overseas" a name caught his eye. It took a few seconds to refold the paper so that this column could be brought under the roof-light. Then a paragraph in very small print told him that a young man named Charles Mason, believed to have lately immigrated, had hired a dinghy on the shore of James Bay, leaving a small deposit

with the owner; and that the dinghy had been towed in, empty, a few hours later.

When Cegraine reached home he found a letter bearing the postmark of Toronto and his sister's handwriting. He did not open it at once. It was his custom to leave letters till after tea, and on this occasion he was not anxious for his sister's lengthy outpourings. Several times, however, when he stopped eating to pour out another cup, something made him stretch out his hand towards the envelope and turn it over, as if in doing this he could fathom something of its contents without feeling the brunt of it.

Habit and will-power prevailed. The tea things had been cleared away, and Cegraine had carefully filled and lit his pipe before he opened the letter with his penknife and spread out the five thin, closely-written sheets.

Judith Cegraine, four years older than her brother, might have been his twin. They were remarkably alike in appearance, and though her mind was more subtle and penetrating than his, they thought in the same tempo, carefully, without haste, only wrongly when their premises were wrong. They had lived together for most of their lives. They had no conscious affection for one another, but they moved in harmony, having been joined together not by a priest, but by an act of nature. Judith Cegraine was the only woman who had ever argued with her brother; he had let her do so because he hardly realized that she was a woman. He thought of her almost as of a part of himself. When he read her letters he felt no more emotion that when reading a newspaper. If what Judith wrote agreed with his own ideas it was natural; if it did not, then some illogical twist which she had in common with the rest of the skirted sex had misled Judith.

The first page of the letter he was reading now, holding it in one hand and stretching the other towards the fire, contained only an account of a trip to Winnipeg. "Winnipeg is a pleasant place, I think you would be

interested in the planning and architecture. Very different from towns on the Eastern side of the Atlantic." (Strange, how Judith always noticed that in France the people spoke French!) Halfway down the second page she began to mention his son, and she did so as he himself would have done—three months before; as if she were writing of events in an outside world.

"I never saw Bill at all, he was very elusive, but he wrote two or three times. He signed himself 'Charles Mason,' he stuck to that name, I don't quite know why. He told me he had had a cheque from you, I wonder what made you send it? but he destroyed it apparently, he had a terrible pride. . . . Under-nourishment, apparently. Neither of them would admit they were badly off, in fact, no one knew until the flat was examined after Bill had gone. The ghastly thing, to me, is that Bill was offered quite a decent job two days after he had lost them. If the letter which told him about it hadn't gone astray in the post he might have borrowed money on the strength of it . . . he admitted that he hadn't eaten anything himself for three days before Dorothy went."

"So that," thought Cegraine, "is the result of my system of duty."

It was—though he had not realized it at the time—Bill's quietness and steadiness which had made him feel so right. In the last, cold interview he had felt like a teacher reasoning with a wayward disciple. "I'm sorry, my boy, but I understand the world better than you. I will not, in fact I cannot, support a union which I believe is going to have fatal consequences." "I'm sorry our views disagree, father. I'm afraid we must leave it at that."

In the practical issue he, Cegraine, had been proved right; ironically, it was because his predictions had been so right that he was now being forced to own himself in the wrong. "You believe that you can, as you express it, 'get away with it.' My only course is to let you

try." Bill had tried and failed. His failure had simply served to show all the world that by every reasonable canon of ethics his father had been wrong.

All the world? No! That, fortunately, could be prevented. The finest thing Bill had done was to change his name. Of course, people were inquisitive; there were scandalmongers and blackmailers and busybodies; but, thank God, Canada was still a long way off.

Cegraine turned over the pages of the letter, glancing through them rapidly to see if there were anything else of importance. The last part was something of a shock. Judith had always been outspoken. On some occasions she had lapsed into a moral tone. But here she was speaking to him as one who claims the right of admonition. Was something wrong with the girl? She seemed to be taking some standpoint different from his own, whither she should only have ventured after deliberate debate with himself. "You know, I have never agreed with you about Bill . . ." Well, no, she had not. She had said so plainly; they had labelled the matter "point of disagreement" and locked it away in the "arguments settled" drawer. But this—"The cheque, of course, came too late. It arrived when hard circumstances had made him dogged. You know—Shakespeare or someone —'you can't beat a man when he's tired.' The trouble with you, brother A, is that you're too lazy to put yourself in anyone else's position. I think I've told you that before. You've never experienced WANT. You've always had everything you desired and you will go to the grave satisfied and ignorant. You don't mind my being blunt, do you, dear? Something's rather got out the tiger in me, maybe the heat. Ninety-five in the shade here at present. I don't mind so much about Bill, because there was something clean and fine about his departure. But the girl and her kid. I don't like to think about my niece being starved to death . . ."

Cegraine was not given to melodramatic actions, but he tore the letter into four pieces, threw them into the

fire, and sat holding the sides of his chair, his lips together, eyes lighted. Had the letter come from anyone else the matter would have ended with its destruction. The whole college of Bishops would not have made any impression by preaching at Armitage Cegraine. But Judith, in her odd, unfeminine way, had sometimes been right. More than once, when he had beaten her soundly in an argument, he had gone to bed realizing that she was right. Judith—here was the trouble—having once been more right than he might be more right again.

Plain nonsense, of course. It was Bill's fault for having destroyed that cheque. Bill's ridiculous quixoticism—it was the quixotes who were at the bottom of half the trouble in this world. But wasn't he a quixote, in his own way? "Disregard your own feelings. Obey the dictates of duty." That was a fine motto, his motto, fine and Spartan and impracticable; the very badge of quixoticism. Damn it, was there any sense in things at all? Could you ever get away from the cross-currents of emotionalism?

A clock struck the half, the three-quarters, and the hour, while Cegraine sat thinking. In his methodical way he grappled with the question of want. It was true, he had never experienced want. He ought to experience it. But how? How could he make himself uncomfortable? He could give away one of his cars and not be seriously troubled by the loss. Supposing that he were to impoverish himself entirely? It could be done. He was not as rich as he had been, now that increased cost of living and an iniquitous super-tax were making inroads on his fortune. He could build a hospital for ten thousand, endow it with another ten, no, twenty, say. That would leave precious little. There was Judith to be thought of, but she must swallow her own prescription. The question was, would another hospital——?

A maid brought him a card on a brass salver. "Mr. Ernest Pittway."—no address.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked curtly.

"I don't know, sir. He didn't state his business, only asked if he could see you."

Cegraine pondered, twiddling the card between his fingers.

"Mm! Better bring him up."

The young man who entered the room a few moments later was tall, dark haired, neat in dress. He stood a little awkwardly just inside the door, holding his hat in both hands. He was curiously like Bill.

"Your name," said Cegraine, "is—I think—Mr. Pittway. May I ask what you want?"

The young man had prepared his formula.

"I have come, sir, to offer you the sincere condolences of the editor of the *Sunday Gazette* on your tragic loss."

"I have never heard of the *Sunday Gazette*, I don't know the editor of that periodical, and if I did I should not want his condolences."

Cegraine delivered the speech like three rounds of rifle fire, took up a book, and started reading. To all appearances he had, in three seconds, forgotten the young man's existence. The young man, however, remained where he was. His profession had so hardened him to rudeness that he scarcely noticed it. Cegraine gave him two minutes' grace, then glanced up.

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for?"

"I thought perhaps that you might care to give me some details of the accident."

"Why on earth should I?"

"Well, perhaps from courtesy, sir, or——"

"Courtesy!"

"Or perhaps to avoid wrong stories getting about. You see, the public believes what it reads in the *Sunday Gazette*, and if other papers float the idea that there was something fishy about——"

Again Cegraine cut him short.

"If newspapers start false rumours I shall not require

the aid of the *Sunday Shriek*, or whatever your rag is. There are well-defined methods of legal procedure in cases of libel. Look here, let me make this quite plain, so that you can repeat what I say to your editor. I've had a good deal of experience of this infernal publicity, and I do not intend to let it get me in its claws. I'm sorry to inform you that you belong to a despicable trade. You are one of a brand of men whose business it is to rout out all the unpleasantness you can find, and to publish it abroad; where you can't find unpleasantness you suggest it. You're the scavengers of the earth, you collect dirt, you make dirt, and you retail it to a dirty-minded section of the public. Well, that's all I have to say."

The reporter looked at him as a pupil sitting at the feet of a philosopher.

"I will not admit, sir," he said with every appearance of humility, "that my profession is as you describe it. But even if it were, I would ask you to admit that someone must do the world's dirty work."

"Must do it? Nonsense!"

"May I just ask you, sir, if you have read 'Mrs. Warren's Profession?'"

"Yes, I have read it, and I do not want that humbug Shaw quoted at me."

Ernest Pittway knew that he was beaten. No good arguing with this fellow—stubborn as they made 'em—much better get back to the town and pray for a street accident! He moved towards the door.

"I'm sorry, sir, that our views disagree," he said. "I'm afraid we must leave it at that."

The book which Cegraine had pretended to read was still lying on his knees. With a sharp movement he pushed it on the floor.

"Just one minute!" he called.

The reporter, about to close the door behind him, came back.

"How much do you earn?" Cegraine asked abruptly.

" It usually works out about two pounds a week, sir; occasionally a bit more."

" How do you mean, occasionally? "

" Well, every now and then I get a bit of what's called a ' scoop,' you know."

" I see. You intended this to be a scoop? "

" Not a scoop, exactly, but I won't deny that anything you told me would have ranked as first-class matter. You see, the public is interested in distinguished men."

" I know that! " Cegraine remarked bitterly.

He paused, staring at the disconcerted reporter as if at a wide landscape. Then, again jerking out the question, he asked, " Are you married? "

" Yes, sir."

" How long? "

" Three months."

" You said you got two pounds a week? "

" About that, sir."

" Do you write shorthand? "

" Of course—I mean, yes."

" Well, take this down! "

Cegraine leaned back in his chair, stretched out his legs, and closed his eyes. He began to dictate, smoothly, never pausing for a word, never using the wrong one, as one who is used to dictating.

" The most ironical thing in life is that each generation copies the mistakes of its predecessor with the greatest fidelity. Since the days of Moses—and probably earlier—men have conceived systems of morality which they believed to be flawless. Every one of those ethical systems has failed. I, eagerly seizing the undying torch of folly, devised a system which I thought was perfect and beyond all question. I have failed, like the rest . . ."

Pittway, as Cegraine's deep voice rolled on through sentence after sentence, took down the words automatically, wondering almost, if he were dreaming. Of course, elderly men developed odd notions and were liable to lapses of reason; but how could this man, who

had seemed so sane and cynical, fall suddenly into sheer madness—the madness of a man who tears off his clothes and flings them to a passing beggar? Well, that wasn't his affair. Here were riches being poured out to him, and he could only gather them in without stopping to think if they were a madman's gift. For six, seven, eight minutes his pencil leapt and cantered over the pages of his notebook.

". . . and thus the death of my son, the death of his wife, and the death of my grandchild, are as much to be laid to my account as if I had murdered them with my own hands. The law, indeed, cannot punish me; but if God punishes the terrible arrogance and folly of a man, then surely I shall be punished, and so surely shall I not dare to cry for mercy."

The long, steady flow of sentences finished suddenly, and there was silence for half a minute.

"Shall I read it through to you, sir?" asked Pittway nervously.

"No, don't bother." Cegraine had resumed his briskness. "Tell your editor to publish it in full under my name. How much will he pay for it?"

"I don't quite know. He will probably ask you for a price."

"What's a story like that usually worth?"

"Well, as it's exclusive, I should think you might ask for five hundred."

"Very well, we'll have a thousand. What is worth five hundred is worth a thousand in business. That's a good principle for you to remember. Being an artist, and not in the workhouse, like most artists, I understand all about business."

"I understand, sir. I'll put your proposition up to the editor——"

"Tell him," said Cegraine, "that he's to give you a thousand or send me back the copy. He's to give the cash to you, see? I'll write that down and sign it."

"Then shall I send you a cheque, sir?"

"Cheque? No, a thousand pounds doesn't mean anything to me."

"But—it's awfully good of you, sir, I can't begin to thank you, but——"

"No need to. I don't mind having wasted ten minutes."

"But it wouldn't be the money that would count, really, sir. It's the kudos I'll get. If you land a thing like this they put you on to bigger stuff, you see, sir, and——"

"I must say good-bye, I'm afraid," said Cegraine. "I've got some letters to write."

When the young man had gone he still sat in his chair, staring in front of him, motionless. An hour later the maid who came to tell him that dinner was served found him in the same posture, and he dismissed her absently. He was feeling exultant. He had done his penance, and though a faint vision of a dying girl would haunt him for many months he had done something to efface the horror of it. He had paid the full price of his wrongdoing, sacrificed the thing he valued more than anything in the world.

He had, moreover, given Judith some subject for meditation. This pleased Armitage Cegraine.

At this moment Ernest Pittway, who had walked four miles through a biting wind to save a taxi fare, was warming his hands by the fire in a station waiting-room. The fire blazed for a few seconds more brightly than is usual with the fires in waiting-rooms; for Pittway had thrown in six sheets torn from his notebook.

The March Retreat*

By B. H. Liddell Hart

GENERAL GOUGH prefaces his book with the challenging declaration that it is not an "Apology" for the Fifth Army—"the Fifth Army needs no Apology." This is certainly true of the men who fought in it. The odds that were opposed to them, the conditions in which they fought, and the isolation in which they were left would amply explain a worse breakdown than they suffered. For many of them the "March Retreat" is a proud tribute to their manhood.

But the book is a defence, an ably executed defence, of the conduct of the Army Commander—the author himself. There is room for such a defence and General Gough makes full use of it.

Indeed, living up to his military reputation, he obviously holds that attack is the best defence. He repeatedly diverts against others the criticisms which have been brought against him—and rams them in with thrusts of his own. The Cabinet is a regular target, the French his favoured target, while British General Headquarters and the Third Army become his special targets before and during the Retreat itself. There is certainly no historical objection, rather a welcome, to such frankness of criticism so long as it is well based. And let it be said that if General Gough's criticism has vigour, it is free from venom. But it is apt to be too free in handling facts.

Some of his criticisms might have been pressed more strongly—for example, concerning the undue risk and disproportionate strain to which his army was exposed in March, 1918, by the general British dispositions. He is well justified in pointing out that Haig not only made the Fifth Army take over part of the Third Army front despite its weaker strength, but also kept the main British reserves in the north. Haig's justification lay in the importance of safeguarding the Channel ports, but the historian sees

*The Fifth Army. By General Sir Hubert Gough. (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s.)

that it was his decision which, more than anything, jeopardized the Fifth Army and the junction with the French. This is the real crux of the actual battle issue, and, beside it, complaints of the Cabinet and the French for withholding reinforcements have less relevance. General Gough might well have emphasized the point more strongly. He is less restrained in other historically significant criticisms he makes against G.H.Q. He states that his warnings of the coming attack were long doubted, despite the evidence which he furnished. He declares that G.H.Q. would not give him a free hand with even the meagre reserves ultimately allotted him. Gough pointedly recalls—" No one had suffered more from the failure to recognize this principle than had Haig himself at the Battle of Loos, when Sir John French had denied him the use of his reserves till too late."

Nor does this end the catalogue. " It is impossible for me to say that G.H.Q. showed a full understanding of the circumstances and progress of the battle. Neither the Chief of the Staff nor any senior staff officer visited me personally during its course. During the whole eight days' battle, the only member of G.H.Q. who came to see and hear things for himself was Haig. He came and saw me once . . ."

It would be valuable to hear Sir Herbert Lawrence's answer to these charges. For there are others which can be tested by any student of the war, and some which might have been corrected by General Gough himself if he had studied the war records—especially the enemy's—as a whole more thoroughly before writing of his own section.

Thus, for example, his reflections on the Third Army's part might have been different if he had grasped, as is now possible, Ludendorff's real intention. Gough still seems to assume that his own Army front was the principal target whereas, in fact, Ludendorff's mind was set primarily on smashing the Arras bastion—held by the Third Army. Not until the battle had been in progress

a week did Ludendorff change his direction and make Amiens the main objective. Gough, moreover, repeatedly complains that his neighbour's lapses involved his own fresh withdrawals. One may leave members of the Third Army to argue these often confused tactical issues. But, on the broad strategic plane, it is as clear that the Third Army foiled Ludendorff's main thrust as that the penetration of the Fifth Army front was the factor that tilted the scales of battle in the enemy's favour—for the time.

One feels that Gough would have served his own reputation better in the long run if he had been content to emphasize his own handicaps and to state what he did to counterbalance them. For those handicaps were tremendous; not least, the fact of having to wait two full days before he was reinforced by even a single reserve division.

His mistake in his book is to jump too far. It is interesting to note that it is the same mistake of excess which is alleged against his generalship. Instead of being content to bring out the feat of the Fifth Army in resisting the German onslaught and surviving the long strain of battle and retreat unbroken, he represents it as executing a purposeful and masterful strategic retirement which lured the Germans to their doom. This air of a great war-winning design does not carry conviction. Too many prominent members of the Fifth Army bear witness to the lack of suggestion or preparation for a calculated and far-reaching withdrawal. General Gough also skips too lightly over other criticisms, such as the neglect to use available labour for preparing rear defences, the abnormally heavy sacrifice of guns in the early stage of the retreat, and the waste of what man-power there was in the repeated counter-assaults that were the offspring of a too conventional doctrine.

So far as March, 1918, is concerned, the most serious criticisms that have been brought against the Army Command affect the preliminaries of the battle. And it

is these which General Gough does least to meet. He treats very fully of the conduct of the retreat, but it is generally admitted that, when this developed, he did all that he could have been expected to do in such difficult conditions. His narrative, indeed, suggests that he did more than was really possible for him to do. That effect comes from filling out his story with the abundant details now available in the records of individual units. But at the time, orders from rear headquarters had little effect on the fighting units—because they rarely seem to have reached them in time.

In the stress of the retreat, control and communications broke down to a large extent, and each local commander did what he thought best to cope with his own emergencies. To pretend otherwise is to divorce history from reality. In such conditions there is no blame for the Army Commander. The best tribute to him is that he also did what he could, and did not lose his head.

There is equally little question now that the real cause of Gough's removal lay in the events of the year before. Everyone who served in France knows that the Fifth Army, or at any rate its staff work, acquired an ill repute in 1917, and, once gained, it was not easy to lose. Unhappily for Gough, his next trial was the sort of event to engrave this memory more deeply, not to erase it. Hence, a change in the command, if immediately unjust to the individual, was perhaps beneficial to the morale of the majority. So at least think many who can still sympathize with the man who was sacrificed.

The feeling towards Gough himself goes further than sympathy. He won affection and admiration. But one finds that many of his contemporaries who praise his leadership highly will say "as a cavalry brigade or division commander"—and stop there. This limitation may perhaps be taken as the measure of his limitations under such limiting conditions as prevailed on the Western Front. In a more open field he might have gone down to history among the great commanders.

The general recognition of his qualities as a thrustful cavalry leader gives special interest to the earlier part of his book. He has some pungent comments on the Retreat from Mons and the Battle of the Marne, and suggests that we lost the chance of " a great victory " through G.H.Q.'s indefinite instructions to the cavalry and neglect to make the situation clear. The reader is left in no doubt as to Sir John French's defects.

Even more pointed, and newer, are Gough's scarcely veiled reflections on Allenby. We are told that " by concentration run mad " the cavalry were exposed to disaster. Gough himself appears to have seized the first chance of cutting loose and placing himself under Haig! Later, in the so-called Race to the Sea, Gough states that, detained by Allenby's orders against his own protests, he had to see " a priceless chance " go begging.

The criticisms made against Gough himself later are certainly the reverse—that he was too eager to seize chances that did not exist. Thus it is significant to be told in reference to " Passchendaele " that he " pressed Haig to break off the battle in the middle of August." Frankly speaking of the state of the ground as " frightful " he says that he " informed the Commander-in-Chief that tactical success was not possible, or would be too costly, under such conditions." Whatever the strategic excuse for persevering, the logical verdict would seem to be that a good end does not justify a means that is not merely bad, but vain.

Gough's own justification would seem to be comprised in the idea that loyalty to a superior is paramount. But a commander also owes a duty to his subordinates—to see that their sacrifice is not a useless one. It is a question whether Gough was not too easily satisfied with his mild protest. The moral damage of " Passchendaele " to this nation is incalculable—one of the heaviest war debts that we are still paying.

In excuse for this strategy, for which he at least was not responsible, General Gough brings forward several

familiar excuses. To charge it to Pétain seems hardly fair in view of Pétain's well-substantiated condemnations of the British plan and aim. There is more justice in emphasizing the Admiralty's mistaken plea to Haig to clear the Flanders coast. But Gough himself provides a revealing contradiction and the most important clue to Haig's motive when he tells us that Haig firmly believed that it was possible for the British Army, single-handed, " to defeat the Germans at an early date." All other reasons fade into insignificance when this astonishing belief and ambition are disclosed.

It is one of several revelations which add special historical importance to the story of a man, men, and events, which is so vivid and vital that it grips the reader throughout. The literary quality is, indeed, so high as to be almost surprising on the part of one who is not a practised writer—yet there is no suggestion that General Gough had any assistance in writing the book.

Parodies : No. 3

By Hugh Kingsmill

A Word to Mr. Jones

(Introductory Note to MISCEGENATION : A NOVEL *by H. G. W-lls.*)

MISCEGENATION—it's a dull, ugly, lifeless word. And altogether unintelligible, I find, to nine out of ten even of those persons who have enjoyed, as the phrase goes, a classical education. But it's imposed on me by our ridiculous archaic trick of coining a Latin word whenever we want to wrap up any fresh free provocative idea, which might cause trouble if it was let kick itself loose of its swaddling impedimenta. So I've got to use the obstructive neologism till the meaning it conceals becomes altogether too urgent to be wrapped up any longer. Blood-blending—that's all the word means; and blood-blending is what it will be called—some day.

More and more I see this mixing of different bloods as the one hope of mankind, the one sure means of subordinating the petty egoism of the individual to the service of that broader generalized being which begins already, for some of us, to take shape as the ultimate purpose of mankind. But this extension of our desires beyond the laming preoccupations of the individual self, this urge towards an impersonal, co-operative, disinterestedly creative form of existence, this splendid dream which beckons all the finer minds of our modern world—how can it ever emerge into reality, take any definite and effective shape at all, until man is *one*?

Our present rabble of nations and races, of creeds and colours—what common purpose is ever going to come out of *that*? Consider Europe alone—that hotchpot of boreal and Latin peoples, Danes, Italians, French, English, Spaniards, Germans, splashed all over its eastern half with an ugly smear of half-orientalized Magyars, Bulgars, and the rest. Look at the lot of them, all hugging their silly little differences, hating

each other, fearing each other, brandishing, each one in the next fellow's face, his own private and particular possession of speech and habit and creed. And then imagine a Europe inhabited by a single type! Look at the brown men—all that swirl and tangle of Hindu, Mussulman, Moor, Arabian, Persian. Suppose there was only one brown man, a compendium of all that's best in his colour, best physically, best mentally, best, too, morally. Or the yellow men. Figure to yourself a synthetic Mongol.

I am of course aware that this classification of whites and browns and yellows is unscientific. No one with the merest smattering of ethnology would accept it for a moment. But I am not talking ethnology here. I am quite deliberately ignoring it, aiming, indeed, with an altogether shocking disregard of ethnological terminology at the intelligence and purpose of the man in the street. For Mr. Jones the world is divided into white men, brown men, yellow men, and niggers. Here and now I speak to Mr. Jones in the language he understands. My immediate purpose is to interest him in the broad general outline of the Problem of Miscegenation. The details, all those vast interlacing ramifications of racial groupings, with their attendant confusions of political, sociological, economic, and religious complications, must wait for my next book, "Miscegenation and the Millennium," the foundations of which are already being laid by a group of fellow-workers, each one a certificated expert in the particular aspect involved—eugenics, anthropology, climate, statecraft, food production and distribution, religion, and so on.

The Problem of Miscegenation I have just called it, but I am minded to give it another name, one with sap and spring and colour in it. The Adventure of the Perfect Man—that gets my meaning and purpose more clearly, and gets it with a quite immeasurable intensification of stimulus and appeal. The Perfect Man—for that indeed is my aim, and my hope; and those lesser

perfections I've been talking about, white, yellow, brown, those separate fusions, are but the essential preliminaries to that crowning perfection, that final fusion, which is the only possible alternative to the ultimate shipwreck of mankind in an ocean of blood poured from its own veins. It is going to be a long business. I've never been one to believe in short cuts. It may take a thousand years. Two thousand. Ten thousand. All that's irrelevant. The business of a link is to connect up with the links to each side of it. To hold fast. Not to snap. How long or how short the chain may be—that is not at all the link's affair.

This vast enterprise of Miscegenation, of controlled, purposive, scientific miscegenation, as opposed to the present haphazard affair of accidental propinquity and the purely personal urge, has got to make its beginning somewhere. Europe, I think, still leads the world; and on the whole I am inclined to believe that the first Fusion is going to be the European one. I do not overlook the possibility that America and the Colonies may join in with us, but there are immense difficulties in the way of that, and in these earlier stages I see a quite definite advantage in utilizing for their own ultimate destruction the jealousies and emulations of the transition phase. It might be altogether the best thing which could happen if America took the lead, and shamed Europe into activity with the Perfect American. Or if Japan jumped in, and turned out a Chino-Jap which would make the rest of the world gasp. But forecast here is impossible—and unimportant. Somewhere, somewhen, by someone, the enterprise will be set going. That is certain. And with that certainty we must, for the moment, rest content.

But once set going, how will it work? What will be the Method of Miscegenation? The big things are always the simple things, and, in its broad general outline, the Method of Miscegenation will prove no exception to this rule. The subordinate details are another matter. *They*

will require the finest adjustments, the most delicate previsions . . . But in this hasty adumbration of my main thought, this simplified Word to Mr. Jones, I am not at all concerned with the details. It's the Idea I want to make clear. And so, at one stride, I place myself where I can look down upon a Europe in which the initial obstacles of inertia, and prejudice, and suspicion have been overcome. A Europe all aflame with a single-souled resolution to try miscegenation out. Forthwith a tract of land will be reserved, in some not too populous area, some gracious expanse in Transylvania, maybe, or central Sweden, of wooded hills and laughing streams, and wide pasture lands and smiling fields of corn. Thither, as soon as the original inhabitants have been expropriated, with all due consideration and solacing indemnities, will troop the Volunteers, those splendid and beautiful and courageous Young Ones, who have heard and understood. Who feel in their blood and bodies the passionate urge, the overmastering claim, of selective breeding. The best of every nation in this continent of ours will be there—and only the best. I see the shining ranks of this great new Army of Life. I see the calm, proud faces of the men, the grave and tender eyes of the women . . .

Volunteers. But Volunteers who have by one supreme and final act of volition stripped themselves bare of every self-originating impulse and desire. For this Army of Life, as I have called it, will be wholly and utterly subordinated to the direction of its Leaders. And its Leaders will be the very *élite* of the Miscegenation Movement. A picked band of stark, fearless, devoted, one-purposed experts, handling the material at their disposal, that warm, human, palpitating material, with a single eye to results. Driving their experimentings with a fine ruthlessness clean through the ancient prejudices, the old obstinate inhibitions and obsessions of mankind. Here mating perfect strangers, there parting inappropriate lovers. And always, and in all places, visiting the

least impulse of rebellion, the faintest stirring of recalcitrancy, with—Death.

I jump five hundred years, six, seven, eight hundred years, and lo! out of this laboratory of Selfless Sex there emerges the Perfect European. In his shining eyes there is a question, over the poised perfection of his body there runs a ripple of expectation. Then with a little sigh he understands. His Mongol Mate is still in the crucible. The Bride from America yet hovers on on the verge of fusion . . .

A word about the blacks. I have deliberately excluded them from my Plan of Fusion. For two reasons. Firstly, because all the weight of available evidence goes to show that they are, in both their main groupings, the African, and the Oceanic, quite decisively inferior to the other accepted divisions of mankind. I do not believe that they have anything of value to contribute to the Final Fusion. I am very much inclined to fear that if we let them in they will damage it in some altogether fatal and irretrievable fashion. And I have another, an even weightier, reason for keeping them out. We humans are in a manner the trustees of Evolution. We alone of the animal kingdom so far have grasped the purpose and the process of that great upward thrust from the slime of inorganic matter. To break the continuity of that thrust would be foul treason to our brothers. Man, the master mammal, may not without unbearable shame cut himself altogether loose of his humble kinsmen. In this splendid upward soaring of his he must leave the Black Man behind, for a model and a stimulus. That, as I see it, will for ages yet to come be the Black Man's function and opportunity. To beckon the ape and the orang across a not too hopelessly impassable gulf of difference. To quicken the nerve of progress in the baboon. To touch the night of the gorilla with the first faint promise of the Dawn . . .

And now where does this novel of mine come in? What particular quality of prelude or explication does it

carry as contribution towards this business of getting Miscegenation on its feet?

It is written, this story, quite simply as a warning. It makes not the faintest pretensions to be a Work of Art. It is, indeed, much more like a tract. Well, there are worse things than tracts. Most works of art, for example. But a tract must have a moral. Let me explain the moral of mine. Always hitherto in the story of mankind against the white dream of statecraft there has flamed the red dream of desire. Always the big constructive ideas, the tense, splendid handling of gigantic problems, have got themselves tangled and enmeshed in the warm individual things, have begun to sag under those purely personal stresses, those needs and urges of the separate self. Have—finally—collapsed. That will not always be so. Already we emerge. But before we begin to build the Future, we must understand the Past. And so I have thrown together this story as a kind of illustrative sample of all the blunderings and follies and egoisms which have made of Miscegenation in the past a thing of mockery and a shame. I see this story as a signpost, with a sprawl of indicating arms, all pointing down the wrong roads, and so helping the alert and discriminating reader, by a simple process of exclusion, to pick out the right one.

The personages of my novel bear, most of them, familiar names—Othello, Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, Brabantio, Bianca, Cassio. To me it is altogether obvious that the story of the Noble Moor and the gracious Venetian lady, which came floating up from the Mediterranean to Elizabethan England, to be promptly snapped up for his own quite legitimate purposes by that very alert popular entertainer, William Shakespeare, has its origin in one of those blind, sprawling, undirected and unco-ordinated thrusts towards Miscegenation which are splashed all over the past record of mankind at every epoch of suddenly released energy and initiative. The pretty story of Jason and The Golden Fleece conceals

another of these thrusts—a northward raid of swarthy Levantines suddenly desirous of fair hair. And, of course, the Rape of blonde Helen. I could have used either of these stories. Or a dozen others. But Othello lay nearer to my purpose. First of all, because of my impatience with the snobbish, artificially-sustained cult of Shakespeare which still swirls its obfuscating fogs across the perspectives of the youthful mind. I don't wish to be misunderstood. I love Shakespeare. His sweet, rich, verbal harmonies are delicious to me. But I have no sort of tolerance for the public-school Oxford-and-Cambridge game of discovering profundities in him. The man was not an original thinker even for his own contemporaries. He has no message for us at all.

It is, indeed, with a sense of making a long overdue contribution to the plain realities of modern life that I substitute a significant forward-reaching Othello for Shakespeare's throw-back to the Old Man of the tribe, roaring his possessive ecstasies and rages over his female belongings.

My other, and much more important, reason for using Othello is because his world, the world of the Renaissance, is, in its exploratory gropings and flounderings, a kind of unfinished preliminary sketch of our present world. Where we walk, it stumbled . . . And so, without making any excessive draft on the credulity of my readers, I find myself able to lend Othello a half-conscious prevision of the scope and purport of Miscegenation. I have made that prevision shine all through his splendid wooing and winning of Desdemona. A glorious beacon. Quenched thereafter to a marsh-light, a flickering ineffectual will-o'-the-wisp, in all those lesser, random, misdirected skirmishings, those delicious, alluring, but essentially superfluous passades, with Iago's Emilia, and Cassio's Bianca, and the housekeeper of Brabantio, and the Girl from Corfu, and the Lady of Larnaca, and the Doge's niece. And the others.

Quenched, but never utterly extinguished . . .

The Balkans—Yesterday and To-Day (II)

By H. Charles Woods

IN the December number of this Review, the present writer endeavoured to indicate the historic importance of the Balkan Peninsula, to show that it was the scene of the beginning and of the ending of the world war and to suggest some of the wider and more general conditions which have arisen in connection with that part of Europe since the Armistice. The object of the present article is, therefore, to describe the situations actually prevailing in the several countries under discussion. Before approaching this task, however, there remain five questions of wider interest to which brief reference should be made. They are the *Anschluss*, the Little Entente, the proposed new Commercial Treaties, the two Balkan Conferences and the new position of the Straits.

The *Anschluss*, or union between Austria and Germany, is forbidden by the Treaty of St. Germain and by the Geneva protocol, signed in 1922, when Austria received an international loan. Nevertheless, whilst resort to force has never been contemplated, there has been an ever-increasing desire in Austria for some form of close understanding between the two republics, and the matter was precipitated by the announcement that a preliminary convention for a customs union had been signed in March last. The cause may or may not be justifiable, but the procedure was clumsy; France employed her financial power in support of her political policy and, the question having been referred to the Hague Court, the Austrian and German Foreign Ministers declared at Geneva that the suggested union had been abandoned. The *Anschluss* was thus indefinitely postponed, but it is certain that sooner or later it will again engage the attention of European diplomacy.

The Little Entente is a triangular arrangement,

depending upon three treaties between Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Roumania, and Roumania and Jugoslavia. Originally concluded, largely under the auspices of France, in 1920 and 1921, these treaties, which have been frequently renewed, are intended to preserve the local *status quo* and particularly to prevent Hungary from embarking upon any aggressive designs and from replacing a member of the Hapsburg Dynasty upon the Hungarian Throne. The Entente, supplemented in 1929 by a Tripartite Treaty of Arbitration and Conciliation, has played a material rôle in post-war European history and, if it now appears to have fallen somewhat into the background, this depends upon the more orderly condition of Central Europe rather than upon any serious weakening of the bonds between three States, all of whom have gained so much at the expense of Austria Hungary.

The proposed new Commercial Treaties and the Balkan Conferences are new departures in Near Eastern history. These treaties were or are designed to meet the prevailing depression in the countries largely dependent upon agriculture by means of agreements under which the produce of the soil was to be exchanged for manufactured goods. But such arrangements tend to conflict with the " most favoured nation " clauses in other treaties, and, whilst several agreements have been made, I believe that so far none of these has been able to be put into operation because of the objections raised by certain States and because of the financial conditions and restrictions at present prevailing. The two Balkan Conferences, held respectively at Athens in October, 1930, and at Constantinople in October, 1931, were attended by large and important delegations, representing Roumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Greece and Turkey. These delegations were unofficial, and neither of the Conferences arrived at any concrete or far-reaching results, but the facts that an organization has been established for the purposes of arranging an annual

meeting and that, relatively, goodwill prevailed, prove that the relations between the several peoples are developing along lines which would have seemed utterly impossible only a few years ago.

The question of the Straits has been and is one of Europe's greatest problems. Before the war the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus were definitely closed to ships of war, except to those belonging to Turkey. This condition led to the Dardanelles campaign and to repeated Allied declarations that the advent of peace must carry with it the entire freedom of the Straits—a freedom practically secured under the Treaty of Sèvres. But the Allies were not prepared to enforce these terms upon the Nationalist Turks, and the proposed status of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus was completely modified by the Straits Convention, signed at the same time as the Treaty of Lausanne in July, 1923. Under it each country is allowed to send a limited naval force through the Straits in times of peace. In war, Turkey being neutral, which is unlikely, this limitation disappears and entire freedom of action prevails. Should Turkey be a combatant, neutral fleets have the same rights as in peace, the Allies and enemies of Turkey being respectively admitted or refused admission as if no arrangements had been made upon the subject. The great questions of the future, therefore, are as to whether Turkey will observe her obligations and as to how long Russia, who after the war favoured the closure and not the opening of the Straits, will be prepared to accept a situation which is certainly not entirely favourable to her.

We now come to a discussion of the situations prevailing in the various countries themselves. Considering Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Austria under one heading, Czechoslovakia, about the size of England and Wales, is the largest, the most commercialized, and by far the most prosperous of the three. The Czechs and the Slovaks account for 9,000,000 out of a total population

of 14,000,000; the Germans, numbering over 3,000,000, form a highly educated and organized minority, and there have been complications arising out of these and other conditions. But the venerable President, Dr. Masaryk, and the youthful Foreign Minister, Dr. Benes, have overcome the national and the international difficulties in a way which is highly praiseworthy. Hungary, rather more than half the size of England and with a population of about 8,000,000 souls, has suffered as severely if not more severely than any other country as a result of the war; she is in no way reconciled to her territorial losses and her economic position is extremely critical. In Austria, which is somewhat smaller and less populous than Hungary, Vienna is a great deal too large for the present-day Republic; economic and financial distress is widespread, and there is an ever-recurring danger of a serious clash between the Socialists, who dominate Vienna, and the conservative elements of the population, who are in the majority elsewhere. In short, both Hungary and Austria are still encompassed by difficulties the magnitude of which can hardly be overestimated.

Excluding Turkey, which is not strictly Balkan, Roumania is the largest and most important country under discussion. Slightly bigger than Italy and with an area of about 122,000 square miles and a population of 19,000,000 souls, her size and the number of her people were more than doubled as a result of the war. This in itself created a vast number of problems, for, instead of remaining a more or less Balkan State, she has become one of the leading secondary countries in Europe. Moreover, as a consequence of the large amount of territory acquired from Hungary and of the much smaller district obtained from Austria, the Roumanian population is now made up of at least two very different sections. In the old part of the country the inhabitants are almost Eastern in their outlook, in the new they are relatively Western. In Bessarabia, which was gained from Russia,

the population is more backward than anywhere else in the Kingdom.

On the international side Roumania and Jugoslavia have forgotten their differences about the partition of certain formerly Hungarian territory, but there have been ever-recurring difficulties between Roumania and Hungary and Russia about Transylvania and Bessarabia. From the internal standpoint the real problems concern the uniting the old and the new elements and the establishment of financial and commercial stability. From 1918 until 1928, the Liberals, led by the late Bratiano brothers, or their nominees, were in power almost throughout. They represented the old order of things, and their régime was resented by the vast bulk of the new population and by many of the people in the pre-war Kingdom. From November 1928 until June 1930 M. Maniu, the leader of the National Peasants, headed the Government. He typified Westernization and Constitutionalism, but his tenure of office did not produce the hoped-for economic or political results, largely because of the general depression, of the inexperience of his supporters, and of the advantage taken of that inexperience by his opponents.

The whole situation has been aggravated by the death of King Ferdinand in 1927, by the question of King Carol's succession, which arose before and continued after that event, and by the utter failure of the Regency, established in favour of the youthful King Michael and lasting from July 1927 until the return of King Carol in June 1930. There are those who consider that the conduct of his present Majesty unfits him for rulership, and this conduct has had and still has its disadvantages for his subjects. But, in my opinion, there are now only two practical alternatives—the King or a Republic, which would certainly become a Republic with leanings towards the Left if not actually one dominated by Bolshevism. In view of the very serious economic, financial and political difficulties and of the distinctly

broad-minded attitude always existing in Roumania towards the question of private morals, it seems to me, therefore, that it would be wiser to try to forget the past, to hope that King Carol may be able to live down his unfortunate reputation, and to support a man who may be capable of saving his country in her hour of need.

With an area of roughly 96,000 square miles and rather over 12,000,000 inhabitants, Jugoslavia is materially larger than England, Scotland and Wales, and she is nearly three times the size of pre-war Serbia. The Croats and the Slovenes of the new provinces, numbering about 4,500,000 souls, are much more advanced than the people of Serbia proper. They demand some form of decentralization or federation and they strongly objected to the highly centralistic constitution promulgated in 1921. For years, therefore, their representatives either refused to take part in the proceedings of the Belgrade Chamber or voted against the Government; no Cabinet was able for long to retain a parliamentary majority, and political crises constantly recurred. In the end, five months after M. Raditch—the Croat Peasant leader—had been murdered in August 1928, the King declared a dictatorship. Since then, His Majesty, supported by the Army, has carried on the Government entirely on autocratic lines; the Kingdom has been divided into nine provinces, possessed of no historical or ethnological justifications, and political freedom and criticism have become things of the past. In September 1931 a new constitution was promulgated, elections were held in November, and there is once more a Parliament. But these elections were a sham; they constitute no real change in the situation, and the political and economic positions remain most unsatisfactory. On the other hand, and even if the dictatorship stoops to methods deserving of far-reaching criticism, I believe it was impossible to prolong the parliamentary strife which had existed. I think that the actual administration has been

improved under the present system, and I consider that His Majesty is actuated by patriotism. The future of the dynasty, if not of the country, therefore depends very largely upon whether or not the King now decides to pursue a policy of moderation and upon whether he recognizes that his people cannot be governed or united by artificial methods. His Majesty may be less popular than a few years ago; but he is a real Serb, he has fought for and with his people, and his experience and reputation ought to enable him to meet and to overcome the existing difficulties, however great they may seem.

Bulgaria, rather larger than Scotland and Wales, has an area of slightly less than 40,000 square miles and a population of roughly five and a half million souls. After becoming more and more powerful and prosperous from the time of her liberation from Turkish rule in 1878 until the second Balkan War of 1913, she suffered heavily as a result of that campaign and of her rôle in the World War. Since the armistice the autocratic system of King Ferdinand has been replaced by the democratic rule of King Boris. Reparations have been and are a heavy burden, but Bulgaria has met her international obligations loyally, and although the Macedonian Question always threatens the stability of the country, each successive Cabinet has endeavoured to prevent that problem from dominating its policy. Finally, with a vast number of refugees as a very serious strain upon the national resources, which are in a precarious condition, Bulgaria is still awaiting the provision of the commercial access to the Ægean, promised to her by the Allies under the Treaty of Neuilly signed in November, 1919.

Albania, roughly one and a half times the size of Wales, has an area of about 10,600 square miles and a population of approximately one million souls. As explained in a previous article, published in December, the primary importance of this country depends upon her geographical position and upon the fact that she is a bone of contention between Italy and Jugoslavia. But

it is equally important to remember that, although the King and his subservient Ministers may have many faults, they are as good and as strong as any leaders at present available, that the Albanians are a distinct nationality, entitled to their independence, and that any change in the status of the Kingdom would not only inflict a hardship upon its people, but that it would probably be accompanied by hostilities the nature and extent of which it is difficult to forecast.

Present-day Greece, very slightly smaller than England, and with an area of 49,900 square miles and with just over 6,000,000 inhabitants, is one of the most wonderful outcomes of the war and of the events by which it was followed. She fought and was beaten in the Turkish Campaign, which lasted from 1919 to 1922, she has now settled down to her new conditions and she is not only on friendly terms with Turkey but, in October, 1930, M. Veniselos paid a visit to Angora and signed a Pact of Friendship and Arbitration between the two countries—a visit returned by Ismet Pasha, the Turkish Prime Minister, three months ago. In addition, Greece, with her small total population, has been called upon to accept and to install nearly 1,500,000 Greek refugees, expelled from Turkey or exchanged for an enormously smaller Turkish element, and she has accomplished this task in a manner which is little short of marvellous. Furthermore, politically divided into two great camps from 1915 until 1924, the country became definitely a Republic in the latter year and, since 1928, the Government has again been under the leadership of M. Veniselos. Finally, and after years of discussion, Greece and Jugoslavia have arrived at an arrangement about the use of the Port of Salonica and Athens and the Piræus, taken together, have a population which is probably greater than that of any other Balkan capital. In short, largely as a result of the wisdom, moderation and statesmanship of M. Veniselos, who is by far the biggest figure in the Near East, Greece appears to have secured and to be consoli-

dating a position which at one time seemed unlikely again to be hers.

Turkey has been revolutionized since the war. Reduced from the proportions of a vast Empire, but nevertheless much more than twice the size of the British Isles, she has an area of 294,000 square miles and her population is stated to number over 13,000,000 souls. Moreover, whilst the Turks remain in possession of Constantinople and of an outpost in Europe, the capital has been removed to Angora, the New Republic is not really a Balkan State and, from the international standpoint, the Government still seems to be facing in the direction of Russia and the East rather than towards the West and the League of Nations.

On the internal side there are three outstanding changes. The Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha is nationalistic and autocratic in the extreme, but his administration is probably better and less corrupt than those of former years. For the first time in history, too, the ruling race is in an overwhelming majority of the population, and the Turks have assumed, and seem able to carry on, many of the duties previously performed almost exclusively by the Christians, nearly all of whom have left or been expelled from the country. Furthermore, the Ghazi-President has brought about a far-reaching secularization and westernization of the State. The Caliphate has been abolished, there is no longer an official religion and, in place of the religious law, which used to be all important in Turkey, the new civil and penal codes closely follow those of Switzerland and Italy. All those of major age can now change their religion, the Latin characters have replaced the Arabic, and a new form of spelling, not applied to the proper names mentioned in this article, has been introduced. Finally, the compulsory substitution of the hat for the fez and the complete official emancipation of women are changes the far-reaching effect of which it is impossible to exaggerate. In short, if Turkey's policy of exaggerated nationalism has produced certain

financial and other difficulties, and if she is not yet prepared to sacrifice her friendship with Russia, who helped her in the earlier years after the war, there is no question that her victory over Greece, her triumph at the Lauzanne Conference and the reforms since introduced have created a situation, the relatively favourable nature of which was unthinkable at the time of the world armistice.

In conclusion, the economic and financial conditions are acute throughout the Balkans and, in several of the States, the political positions are far from satisfactory. The victors are determined to preserve their gains : the vanquished are not reconciled to their losses. Nevertheless, none of the parties is prepared for further war, and it is admitted by the malcontents that only a far-reaching revision of the existing *status quo* can bring about fundamental improvements. In the meantime, however, two things may be done to further the general peace and to advance the interests of the peoples concerned. The formerly Allied Powers, especially France, would be well advised to show that they expect the peace treaties to be strictly kept, not only by their late enemies, but also by their friends. And the smaller countries, particularly those who have gained so much at a relatively small cost, ought to pursue a liberal policy towards their minorities and to make every reasonable concession to their less fortunate neighbours. Moderation and common sense may secure their rewards. Chauvinism and vindictiveness will surely come home to roost.

Innishmurry

By Derek Verschoyle

IT is, of course, for all but geologists, immeasurably more interesting than the Giant's Causeway, and as immune from tourists as Killarney is infested with them. As a popular resort, indeed, Innishmurry is fortunately a failure. The qualifications of hotel and road, which allure the shoals of pilgrims who flock in the summer months to other more advertised shrines of beauty, are here uncompromisingly deficient. There are, however, alternative attractions: A King and a Saint, for instance, both of them maintained on the premises, preside over the powers temporal and spiritual; in an area of not more than a couple of square miles there are probably at least twenty distilleries; there is a monastery, with the ingenious appendage of cursing stones, and there are the inhabitants themselves.

The only drawback is the inaccessibility of the place. An island, or, for the geologists, a sandstone rock, situated some miles off the coast of Sligo, Innishmurry has to be approached by sea; by a sea, moreover, which does not regulate its moods solely by the dictates of the tourist season. A boat can be procured at either Rosses Point or Stredagh; whichever you choose, the passage to the island will be uneventful if the weather is fair and distressingly full of incident if it is the reverse. It is, as a matter of fact, probably advisable to favour Stredagh. For one thing the distance is shorter; in addition the floating stock is more reliable. An American, whom we happened to meet before our voyage, recounted to us with a not altogether unjustifiable disgust the tale of his experiences with the maritime amenities of Rosses Point. He had, it appeared, lured by a chance acquaintance's recommendations and his nation's predilection for twentieth-century comfort, been led to employ the services of a deceptively pretentious vessel named "The Mermaid." She was, according to his friend's account, a luxurious and seaworthy boat fitted with

auxiliary engines and much in demand for visits to the island. One sunny and windless morning he had boarded her at Rosses Point and made his bargain with her owner, a fox-like individual with a five days' beard. "The Mermaid" had slipped away from the quay on her auxiliary engines, with everyone in the highest fettle. The inevitable small boys screaming endearments from the security of the landing-stage had been answered almost with affection. The American had maltreated his cigar appreciatively. The captain predicted they would make the island within the hour.

For a time all had gone well, while the land receded impassively. A league or so had rolled by with glassy ease, and leisurely seagulls and a couple of inquisitive seals contemplated their progress. Then, evidently considering that their share of the day's work was over, the engines gave up the ghost. A little man with a rather vacant expression (the American dwelt on his personal qualities at length) who attempted to goad them into resurrection, succeeded in producing only a few metallic and staccato explosions, an oppressive odour of burning oil, and floods of prophetic blasphemy from the captain. The engines accepted all rebukes unflinchingly but declined to make any further move. There was nothing for it but to wait for the wind to rise. As it was, the sails were rendered valueless by its absence, and the oars had been forgotten. During the day a slow and greasy swell began and "The Mermaid" rolled like a nostalgic sea-serpent. The American and his friends succumbed to the unctuous menace of the deep; they were very ill. At nightfall a passing tramp towed them despondently back to Rosses Point.

Embracing the moral of their misfortunes, we left Stredagh two days later in a sturdy open boat propelled by four fishermen whose muscles suggested that they were blacksmiths in their spare time. As soon as we were clear of the reefs which stretch out from the piers with long, tangled festoons of umber seaweed, a patched

sail was hoisted which drove the boat up into the wind on short and spasmodic tacks, like a hen in pursuit of a family of chickens. A white handkerchief streaming from the top of the mast informed the islanders that we were inoffensive visitors, and not Civic Guards or similar pests of officialdom.

The whole island turned out to meet us. Forewarned, we had provided ourselves with newspapers, which were accepted with manifestations of gratitude which would have been adequate for a consignment of Arabian spices. The village is a straggling affair of some twenty cottages, which are reputed to have been in the hands of the same families for the last seven centuries. The community is presided over by the King, a dignitary whose power was absolute until the middle of the last century, when British authority was imposed in the form of a police barrack. This encumbrance, however, lasted but a short time, as the islanders adopted such a truculent attitude, in their obstinate refusal to pay any taxes while the police remained on the island, that the garrison was subsequently removed and the King allowed to flourish in undisputed supremacy.

His Majesty was graciously pleased to grant us an audience. Poteen was brought in, in which we drank his royal health, while he discoursed to us of the lateness of the crops, the unprecedented shortage of oysters, and the existing state of political affairs. On certain aspects of the latter he expressed himself with particular force. The whole export wealth of the island, he explained, lay in the making of poteen, a practice which was, of course, illegal, but none the less necessary for the islanders to obtain a living. The liquor was taken to the mainland by night in barrels which were then distributed by agents to their various destinations. Under the British regime this policy had proved perfectly effective; the Customs officials, indeed, had not been above lending a neighbourly hand in the task of landing it. They had known good poteen when they saw it. But the new men, who

appeared to lack not only common sense, but common decency, were unfortunately very different. They had taken to surprising the men landing the liquor and emptying the barrels into the sea, an action which was to be deplored as the equivalent of sacrilege. They had even invaded the islands on their errands of injustice, and destroyed all the stills they could find. Fortunately the latter were mostly old and useless ones left out for their especial benefit, a circumstance which those devils in semi-human shape had failed to notice. What with police and missionaries, telescopes, guns and the rest, life was no longer worth the living. Respectfully we concurred with his observations, while he refilled our glasses with freshly made poteen, crude and acrid to the taste, with the medicinal tang of a breeze blowing off the wet shore when the tide is half-way out.

The Monastery of Innishmurry, a foundation whose date is disputed alike by tradition, antiquaries, and the inhabitants of the island, stands to the back of the royal residence. It is surrounded by a cashel which is in places as much as 18 feet high and 8 feet thick, and encloses altogether an area of about half an acre. In the centre are three quadrangular churches, probably of the twelfth century; a number of flat-topped stone tables 3 feet high; and three cloughans which rise to an apex some 15 feet high. These beehive dwellings were probably the monks' quarters, though numerous other explanations of their function have been put forward. Their evident antiquity is a tribute to the soundness of their construction, and æsthetically they are by no means unattractive, possessing to a certain degree the architectural serenity of miniature pyramids, although of fragile proportions. There are, in addition, a series of positions which would correspond to the Stations of the Cross. The whole topographical disposition of the monastery, however, makes the veiled suggestion that, originally, it was designed for the observance of rites not wholly Christian. That the worshippers had effected some sort

of a compromise, if not an actual alliance, with the theisms of the Sun and Sea would appear extremely likely, and it seems probable that the stone tables were employed for some sacrificial purpose. Whether their sympathy with Nature or their limited respect for human life (one man is alleged, a few years ago, to have solved the difficulties of a matrimonial triangle by the happy expedient of taking the unwanted party for a row and depositing her in the sea) impelled them towards offerings of the natural products of the island or the sacrifice of their fellow creatures can, of course, be only a matter of profitless conjecture. But that they contented themselves with the conventional formalities of the Christian church seems highly improbable.

Our inspection of the monastery was illuminated by a running commentary from a self-appointed guide, mainly on the subject of the monks who had originally maintained it. They had, it appeared, been famous alike for their piety, their scholarship, their industry, and, in addition (this he mentioned with especial relish), their fine fighting qualities. They had been disciples of St. Muredach of Killala. The secluded nature of the island had provided them with an almost unique opportunity for contemplation and the exercise of a godly life, though, of course, somewhat limiting their activities in the matter of good works and rendering the performance of miracles almost an impossibility. They had, however, he stated, in this latter connection succeeded in slaying to the last man a force of the ungodly, three times their number, who had been sent by a rival institution to deprive them of a collection of particularly prized chalices and ecclesiastical treasures.

All good things, however, proverbially, must come to an end. The absorbing topic of the monks' pious activities was eventually drained. Then, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, our guide announced that he would take us to see the Saint. His tone was that in which one would suggest a game of billiards.

Saint Molash, or more precisely the statue of Saint Molash, was lodged in another building inside the cashel. He was reputed to have possessed a number of mysterious and miraculous properties, though time and varying tradition had somewhat confused their exact application. He had always, however, been particularly strong on the subject of cows. The first ones imported to the island, several hundreds of years ago, he had preserved from the ravages of a plague. He had, a couple of years previously, rescued a heifer who had, in a fit of maidenly exuberance, precipitated herself into the sea. Only last month he had cured another who had dined too heavily off a yew tree. (As the narrative progressed, there was a slight confusion between the personal miracles of the Saint and the thaumaturgical activities of his statuary successor.) He was a great man the Saint. But he had his enemies, too. There had been a certain nefarious MacSweeny who had possessed a castle on the mainland, from which he had schemed against the man of God, and two years ago (once again the equation of time proved ambiguous) a Protestant missionary had taken the saintly effigy by night and conveyed it in a boat several miles out to sea where he had thrown it overboard. But the Saint, quite rightly, had refused to be disposed of in this unseemly and clandestine manner, and had been found the next morning reclining on the shore directly beneath his residence. The same day the missionary's dog, a rather immoral collie, had succumbed in great agony to an inexplicable malady, and the missionary himself, his guilt discovered, had been compelled to quit the island.

When we first entered the darkened shrine, only the dim bulk of the Saint could be recognized in the far corner. A voice at our elbows informed us that it had been carved by an Italian a thousand years ago. Gradually the hard contours of the face became clear; a high forehead shadowed a decisive nose; the lips, although thin with age, still preserved something of the cynicism of their original curves; the eyes were like twisted daggers.

A face, indeed, unlikely to suggest those ideas of humility and other gentle virtues generally connected with the Blessed. The body, in addition, had been mysteriously cleft half-way down, as though the Saint had suffered a peculiarly uncomfortable martyrdom. As it was, the front part of his abdomen, which sloped abruptly inwards, could by no possible method ever have ended in legs; the remnant of his physique suggested the extremities of a merman. The Saint, too, appeared to have a hoop round his neck, as though his halo had slipped its mooring and subsided on to the shoulders. It was then that recollection came to us; part of the Spanish Armada, we remembered, had been wrecked off the coast of Sligo; the hoop was, of course, a ruff; the Saint had once adorned the prow of a Spanish galleon. "Carved by an Italian a thousand years ago," whispered a soft voice behind us. Saint Molash returned our gaze unblinking.

We had just time to see the cursing stones. The islanders would not have allowed us to leave without inspecting them. Social obligation was, moreover, tempered with personal curiosity; it is not every island that can boast an effective instrument of damnation.

The stones lay on a flat granite slab on a hill overlooking the sea. On the shore beneath us the poteen stills smoked defiantly. The prospect of the barren acres of the island and the gloomily insubordinate leagues of sea which the situation commands make it particularly suitable for its purpose. One could not imagine a more satisfactory place from which to pronounce a doom on one's enemies.

The stones are of all sizes, many of them marked with a primitive cross. The method of anathematization apparently consists in turning the stones in a particular way and enunciating a formula of destruction. The result is (infallibly, they assert) the death or ruin of the person concerned. Degrees of disaster can, they say, be regulated to a nicety. From the practical viewpoint of the uninitiated, an equally mysterious, though less sensa-

tional, characteristic of the stones is that no stranger has ever succeeded in counting them correctly three times running.

The possibilities of this situation were too alarming to contemplate. Suppose that by some irony of fate we were to triumph where all others had failed. Would the stones that had given us this brief moment of glory then turn on us of their own accord in disgust at our presumptuousness and cause us to founder on our journey to the mainland? But the counting of the stones is a long business. The boatmen were impatient, the tide was already past its best. We decided not to tamper with tradition.

After a few seconds of perplexed contemplation we shook our heads and left.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[*Being still more extracts from the diary kept by Mr. Charles Fiddington, and edited by me.*]

November 28th.—I have been profoundly moved by a sentence in a book about Mr. Jacob Epstein. It runs thus: "*Jacob Epstein, almost alone in the world to-day, holds the secret of true beauty.*" Who can doubt it? And luckily Mr. Epstein has been willing to share his secrets with us all. With complete unselfishness he has placed his lovely figures of Night and Morning before the world, to say nothing of the beautiful representation of Rima, which defies description. And surely one may agree with that word "almost." After all, there are others engaged in producing beauty to-day. There is the superb music of Honegger.* There is the strong, enduring prose of Miss Stein.† There are the breath-taking pictures of Latouche. We are fortunate indeed who live in an age when these great men are squandering their masterpieces, and doubly fortunate to be allowed to read a review of the book by a Mr. Byron who realizes that Epstein has a "Mission of rescue."

Mr. Spence, the cynic at the club, has drawn a picture which he calls "Beauty whispering her secrets to Epstein." It is very vulgar and ugly, and not at all amusing.

December 1st.—The sarcastic remarks made by an English judge about a distinguished film-actor were not in the high tradition of English hospitality and fair play. It is particularly regrettable that, at this moment, an American who is reputed to be a millionaire should be offended by adverse criticism. When it is remembered that Lady Thingamebob herself has entertained Mr. Chaplin, the attempt to treat him as a public

* Or, if you will, Bartok. It is all one to me.

† Especially her "The If I What You," which first appeared in the "Snub."

nuisance, engaged in pushing himself forward, is bound to be distasteful to all who care for the dignity of this country. Apart from this, however, the moment it was discovered that Mr. Chaplin was getting into bad odour, the first people to revile him were those very people who had competed for his favour; which proves that, even if public opinion is right, society is ready to support it.

December 3rd.—It seems to me that the tax-payer has little cause to complain of the difficulty of understanding income-tax demands; or rather, of the difficulty of understanding the experts who, for a fee, are prepared to explain those demands. It is admitted that these explanations are incomprehensible. But the whole position has been eased by the appointment of other experts who, for a fee, are prepared to explain the explanations. It should be obvious to anybody that, given enough explanation, any explanation will become intelligible. And it says a good deal for the organization of modern life that any one is at liberty to pay a man to tell him what the man who tells him to pay what someone else is telling him to pay, means.*

December 5th.—The publication of the early verse of Tennyson has reminded me that we never know what we have missed until such poetry is rescued from oblivion. I shall never forget the first time I read Tennyson's song to the owl, which begins:

> Thy tuwhits are lulled, I wot,
> Thy tuwhoos of yesternight . . .

and the beautiful lines that go, as far as my memory serves me:

> Minnie and Winnie slept in a shell . . .

It is only from these early attempts, and from the fragments published in the collected editions that we are

* Sir Philip Posser's "Income Tax Without Tears" deals with this new aspect of the situation.

able to realize how the mind of a poet is formed. Anybody can write—as Shelley did—

> My head is heavy, my limbs are weary,
> And it is not life that makes me move . . .

but it is only when such a thing by a great poet is discovered, and labelled "Fragment," that we realize what this or that poem might have become. And there is true pathos in such thwarted efforts as Wordsworth's

> I think it was my uncle, Mr. Bright . . .

or Browning's

> Needs must, but lest needs mustn't, needs be damn'd.

or Swinburne's

> Whisper of silver and glitter of golden girls.

The child is father to the man, and never more so than in the case of a poet. And though we may agree with Professor Townshend's dictum, that "It is rare to find the full measure of the man's work in his earliest experiments," yet it is well to remember that if the poet had never been a child first, he would never have been a grown-up man afterwards.*

December 7th.—The outcry about broken milk-bottles† has echoed far and wide. It appears that careless milkmen are in the habit of breaking the bottles as they leave them on doorsteps. This results in injuries to unwary dogs, and even to children. A question is to be asked in the House. Meanwhile, surely it is an international affair. There are dogs in every country, and the risks run by a French, Belgian or German dog are as much our concern as those run by an English dog. If the League of Nations could turn for one moment from the question of Annamese neutrals, the whole thing might be settled in a year or two.

* Or, conversely, he could never have been a grown-up man afterwards, if he had not been a child first. This is what UMSBERGER calls the Inevitable Law of Being.

† See the leading article in the "Good Afternoon" of December 5th.

December 8th.—Humorists have frequently made fun of the recent non-stop flight records, but even they will presumably be silenced by the remarkable news that a cat* has flown the Atlantic. This, of course, must not be taken too literally. There was a trained pilot on board, and the cat did not actually take control at any time during the flight. But the fact remains that the cat was on board, and continued on board during the whole flight, having shown, from the very beginning of the adventure, a great determination not to be left behind. Some may advance the captious opinion that no good is achieved by such records, and that there is no commercial significance in the cat's achievement. In every age there are reactionaries of this kind. Some people would probably have said that its presence on Stephenson's first engine proved nothing.

December 9th.—I notice that a prominent personage is reported as having said that if the world is to have another war, it is better that it should be got over as soon as possible; since the longer we wait, the more terrible it will be, and the more countries it will involve. This common-sense point of view is obviously shared by the League of Nations, which has done its best, in very difficult circumstances, to bring the trouble in Manchuria to a head. And if there is a war between China and Japan, possibly involving Russia, full credit will go to the League for its courageous attitude in refusing to say or do anything that might conceivably postpone the evil day. The only real danger, the only possible check to an early outbreak of hostilities on a large scale, comes from America. This country has such a record of non-interference and rectitude† that its admonitions are bound to carry great weight. Japan is bound to be influenced by the passionate sincerity of the Americans.

December 10th.—The news that Mr. J. H. Thomas is, after all, not to go on his tour, will be received with

* By name Ursula. She has a sister Primula.

† Tell that to the Marines; yes, to the United States Marines.

mixed feelings. While one must confess that his presence anywhere abroad cannot but heighten English prestige, yet it must also be admitted that it would be difficult for any one to fill his place at home.* He is one of the few realists in the present Government; a man who knows exactly what he is doing, and precisely why he is doing it. And his tears on a recent famous occasion endeared him to the great heart of the public more than any high act of statesmanship could have done. Spence, the cynic at the club, said that he would like Reading to go to Siberia, MacDonald to the North Pole and Samuel to Tibet. He said that he would encourage our politicians to go away on prolonged tours whenever they felt like it. And from the way he said it, I knew that he was trying to hold our public men up to ridicule.†

December 11th.—I asked Spence yesterday if he knew anything about the appointment of new governors to the B.B.C., in place of the vacancies. He replied, with surprising bad temper, "You may be certain that the choice will fall upon those who represent the atheist, destructive, disintegrating minority in England to-day." "But why?" I asked, rather staggered at this attack on a body renowned for its open mind on important questions. Spence laughed. "Having once," he said, "got into their hands the means of organizing propaganda against Christian morals, and in favour of the most contemptible form of pacificism, they will not give up in a hurry."

Spence is always so violent.

December 12th.—The announcement of a reading by Mr. John Galsworthy from his own works, in aid of worn-out horses in Northern Africa, reminds one how closely in touch are our literary men with the realities of modern life. As a lady said to me, "The only pity of it is that the poor horses will not be there to hear the

* Difficult, but not essential.
† A dastardly trick at such a moment.

voice of their benefactor."* However, the mention of this name brings to my mind that strong force for internationalism, the Pen Club. I find it very difficult to believe an absurd story which is going the rounds, to the effect that a young new member,† driven to exasperation by two hours' talk about D. H. Lawrence, put his ice down the back of a lady novelist, and threw a glass of some particularly filthy mineral water in his neighbour's face. It should not be necessary to deny that such public-house horseplay takes place in a milieu which was described by a Prussian dramatist as being the very heart of England. I have every reason to believe that this club is conducted with the greatest propriety, and that the singing never becomes in the least rowdy until the chairman has lit his briar.

December 14th.—I find myself puzzled. There appears to be a universal campaign in the papers to make people spend their money lavishly during the Christmas season, and I have just read a leading article in an evening paper which is a tirade against " a black view of the future," and covers with abuse all those who are trying to save their money. The same paper, two days ago, covered with abuse all those who entertained ideas of not paying their income-tax in January. Both sets of people were called traitors, and so forth. But the people who are trying to save are only doing it in order to meet their tax-demands. And surely there can be no blacker view of the future for an individual than the prospect of prison for failing to pay his taxes. Spence, in his bitter way, says that the person chiefly concerned is he who has neither the money to spend at Christmas, nor the money for his taxes in January. For him, matters are comparatively simple. He has no alternative to consider.

* But they were with him in spirit. And what about the old Bloomsbury horses, who write such a dreadful lot of rubbish, and die murmuring long passages from Miss Woolf's novels?

† A gentlemen whose book about Somebody's life of, I forget who, was badly reviewed.

December 15*th*.—Everybody is waiting for the Report of the Licensing Commission, which is sure to be full of the most startling revelations. I hear that a whole section of the Report will be devoted to the demoralizing influence of games such as darts and shove half-penny and draughts upon the moral tone of country villages. The Commission will probably recommend a system of lectures to take the place of these games, and perhaps folk-dancing classes, in which the sexes might mingle freely.* In this connexion I cannot resist quoting the words of a well-known churchman: "We must not rest," he said, "until the terrible atmosphere of the public-houses has been changed to the more decent atmosphere of the village institute. These places must be made gradually to look like tea-shops, with clean cloths upon the tables, and the ideal of social service held ever before the eyes of the inmates." The public-house is an anachronism, and it is to be hoped that our intensive modern compulsory education will finally result in the abolition of these dens of idleness and debauchery. Therefore, as soon as this Commission has made its report, another must be appointed without delay, to carry on the investigations into the private lives of the poor.

* "The cowherd who has had a grounding in eurhythmics will find that classical poses come naturally to him after a while; the ploughman, driving his lonely furrow, will walk more nobly and with a lighter step for a little intensive folk-dancing." (Mrs. Euston's "Body-Conscious": Ch. 17, page 341 *et seq*.)

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books published recently :

POLITICAL

Essays in Persuasion. J. M. Keynes. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)
Europe and China. G. F. Hudson. (Arnold. 15s.)

BIOGRAPHY

Cranmer. Hilaire Belloc. (Cassell. 15s.)
John Crome of Norwich. R. H. Mottram. (John Lane. 12s. 6d.)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Past Years. Sir Oliver Lodge. (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.)

GENERAL

Whither? A Study of Shams and Safeguards. Edward Lyttleton. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

A History of Spanish Literature. E. D. Laborde. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

"The Mahdi of Allah." Richard A. Bermann. (Putnam. 16s.)

Purefoy Letters (1735–1753). Edited by G. Eland. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2 vols. 42s.)

The American Black Chamber. Herbert O. Yardley. (Faber and Faber. 15s.)

Housing by Various Authors. Compiled by Kathleen England. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d.)

British War Artists in the War. John Rothenstein. (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.)

Derby Day. A. P. Herbert. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)

Strange Intelligence (Naval Secret Service). H. C. Bywater and H. C. Ferraby. (Constable. 10s. 6d.)

FICTION

Folk by the Sea. John Bojer. (Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d.)
Mary Leith. Ernest Raymond. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
A Pier and a Band. Mary MacCarthy. (Martin Secker. 3s. 6d.)
The Winters. Elizabeth Jenkins. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

Reviews of Books

PORTRAITS (I.) By DESMOND MACCARTHY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE. By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

"PORTRAITS I" is the first of a series of volumes which will contain Mr. MacCarthy's essays during the last twenty years. In a dedicatory letter, addressed to himself at the age of twenty-two, Mr. MacCarthy suggests a parallel between himself and Andrew Lang. Andrew Lang, too, regretted that he had become involved in literary journalism, but his regret embittered him. He was always snarling at his contemporaries, asking himself and the world where the anarchic brilliance of young men like E. F. Benson was going to end. Mr. MacCarthy is at the opposite extreme from Lang. He is as flexible and sympathetic as Lang was cross-grained, though, in compensation, he does not seem to possess any emotion as intense as Lang's love of Scotland and the Scotch hills. Intensity is the one quality lacking to Mr. MacCarthy, who possesses all the other attributes of a novelist: dialogue, the visualizing faculty, and imaginative sympathy. The value he sets on intensity comes out in his "Bunyan," where he imagines himself telling Bunyan of a man called Mr. Common Sense, who, had Christian fallen in with him, would have eased him of his burden very charmingly and expeditiously. Little sins, he argues, ought not to be taken too seriously, at which Bunyan cries: "No sin against God can be little, because it is against the great God of Heaven and Earth; but if the sinner can find out a little God, it may be easy to find out little sins."

Mr. MacCarthy is, indeed, too indulgent to the men whom he portrays. Even when he writes of those long dead, Goethe, Renan, Rossetti, his pen seems stayed by an apprehension that he may meet them at dinner on the day his essay appears. He has, perhaps, given up to parties what was meant for mankind. Should his destiny transport him to a market-town in, say, Denmark, and keep him there for three years, his youthful ambition may be realized. Even if his destiny neglects this duty, he will remain the most charming critic of his day.

Mr. Scott-James, in his "Personality in Literature," reprints three pre-war studies, of Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett. Elsewhere in this book he shows himself familiar with the post-war writers; but he does not find anyone among them as important as these three, who have survived the war with an actual increase of reputation and influence, because, Mr. Scott-James argues, the practice of 1931 derives from the ideas pro-

mulgated by Shaw, Wells and Bennett before the war. Mr. Scott-James is a preacher rather than a critic. He lacks charm and persuasiveness, but thumps out some important truths, as when he laments the ignorance of the literature of the past among the writers of to-day. HUGH KINGSMILL.

GOETHE: MAN AND POET. By H. W. NEVINSON. (Nisbet. 10s. 6d.)

MR. NEVINSON, in an essay on Heine, once said, very strikingly, that Goethe's life was far more fragmentary than Heine's, that Heine, within his limitations, had realized himself more completely than Goethe. In reading Mr. Nevinson's delightful sketch of Goethe, I wondered if he still held to his old view, for his praise of Goethe, though constant and varied, is never altogether whole-hearted. Goethe is, perhaps, too prudent for Mr. Nevinson, who devotes his warmest words of enthusiasm to Goethe's "noble outburst" when, Napoleon having threatened to depose the Duke of Weimar, Goethe said he would accompany his fallen master from village to village, singing their woes for bread.

"We can only wish," Mr. Nevinson writes, "that the opportunity to fulfil his purpose had been given to the poet, for then indeed he would have been one of the finest figures in all literary history."

Mr. Nevinson's unsubduable romanticism is very attractive here, but incomprehensible in his reiterated praise of Byron, a man whose vulgar and pretentious verse was the counterpart to a disloyal, envious, and rancorous character. That Goethe worshipped Byron merely shows that a too prudent nature is easily dazzled by charlatanism. HUGH KINGSMILL.

THE LONDON BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. Selected and Ordered by HERBERT READ and BONAMY DOBRÉE. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

THIS collection of English prose from Mandeville and Malory down to Mr. Peter Quennell is unlike any similar collection I have met. While it can be read abundantly for pleasure, it is not a posy of fine pieces, but an arrangement in three parts—Narrative, Scientific or descriptive, and Emotive—themselves sub-divided into appropriate subject-headings, of the whole range of prose, since the different qualities of good writing are necessarily related to its end, and this may vary from the precision

of a definition or instruction to vivid description or to impassioned advocacy. You can approach the book according to the subject in which you are interested: story-telling, theology, sport, letter-writing, law, and so on, and thereby learn how each of these subjects has called out the appropriate resources of rhythm, of lucidity, of emphasis. The range is vast, the method sound, the recognition of the width and variety of good prose just and helpful.

As a selection leading the reader beyond its own examples, the book is very good indeed. I know no anthology with a better principle, none better designed to lift the art of prose above the kinds with one or other of which fashion confuses it. If prose can be learned from the study of good writing, it can be learned from this book; but I believe that it can be learned only by practice, by learning the errors to avoid, by raising its level from the bottom. Learn to weed out the tares, and any good quality that you may possess will appear unencumbered by

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errors. This, however, is a separate matter. Mr. Read and Mr. Dobrée have been compiling a selection of English prose and, instead of bewildering the reader with a mass of quotable passages, they have approached its infinite variety with critical discrimination so that the wealth of examples fall into their places and each is to be judged by its fitness for its purpose. The book has a plan, and the plan itself teaches one more than the quotations that have been chosen to illustrate its possibilities. The "London Book of English Prose" has at last accomplished that which the "Oxford Book" did long ago for "English Verse": a bible, setting, in truth, a fresh standard for all subsequent anthologies of its class.

OSBERT BURDETT.

NEW NOVELS.

WOODEN SWORDS. By JACQUES DEVAL. (*Translated by* L. S. Morris.) (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.)
LOONA. By NORMAN WALKER. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)
AUTUMNAL FACE. By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
RUMOUR AT NIGHTFALL. By GRAHAM GREENE. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
FAMILY NAME. By ARNOLD LUNN. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

ANATOLE FRANCE remarked that a detached view of life could only be achieved by a writer who cultivated his sense of pity and irony. He should be equally removed from the merely brilliant writer who has no heart and the sentimental writer who has no head. For the human animal is a great but sorry thing. He aspires so highly and fails so frequently: and the incongruity between his aim and achievement is at once pathetic and ridiculous. The writer who has a sense of proportion (which springs from a sense of humour) is able to feel and understand both that pathos and that absurdity, and while he laughs at mankind he also loves.

Monsieur Jacques Deval is an author of such a calibre. He has a sense of humour which aërates his style, gives a new and comic twist to his metaphors and translates his situations. He tells his story in the first person singular, and it is, one surmises, largely autobiographical. But his first person singular is unlike that of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Mr. Maugham's now slightly truculent ego is always, one feels, a little inhuman. Even in the most trying circumstances it preserves its dignity: and, however caustic or discreet, it never offers an Achilles heel to the

sharp glances of the reader. But M. Deval cheerfully exposes not merely an Achilles heel, but a whole corpus to the jeers of superior persons. He is not afraid to let us know how often he was imposed upon or how often foiled: and excites our mirth without losing our affection.

When war broke out he was a poet and young, and filled with equal enthusiasm for *la patrie* and *la gloire*, but his ambition to be a hero was thwarted by his excessive short-sight. He was placed in the Service of Supplies, and his enthusiasms were utilized for ignoble errands by hard-headed overseers or exploited by mushroom manufacturers. His attempts to reach the front were many and various, but he was only once successful when he contrived to be accepted as a volunteer to convoy provisions to Rheims. Even here the ill-luck which maliciously twinkles through the book landed the volunteers on the hands of a cynical ordnance adjutant:

> "He shouted to one of his clerks in the rear of the office: 'Go see if you can find five Model 75 rifles, and five Series Z's.' This did not sound promising to me. And my premonition was justified when the clerk came back, tears of delight glistening in his eyes, staggering under five enormous guns, which dated from the Crimean War, and reminded me by their size of the ancient muskets that had decided the victory of Rocroy. He dropped these weapons, with a clatter of hardware, not so much at our feet as on them and, after a second absence, reappeared with five stubby sabres in scabbards of burnished steel, no doubt commandeered from the local police of the ward, and looking as though they might have issued from the marriage of a rapier with a butcher's knife. When adjutants grow witty, there is no checking them. Next we were given cartridges, but this time of the most recent model and as slim as cigarettes. I had no sooner inserted one in the breech of my musket, than it slid rapidly down the barrel and dropped out the other end. It would have taken a whole package of them to satisfy the calibre of that arquebus. The adjutant choked with joy and stammered between two hiccups: 'That's fine! You can go now. You are perfect.'"

But M. Deval does not stay to commiserate. He perceives in such vicissitudes the ludicrous rather than the irritating, and in all his experiences, as hospital orderly, as official translator or under arrest he exhibits the same spontaneous humour and the same witty prose. Humour draws its life from incongruity. At the front, not so far away, were the issues of life and death, but in Paris the small schemes of ordinary men continued.

Eminent authors and influential brokers pulled strings to be put in charge of the worn-out shirt department, members of the Academy were stationed as porters outside military head-quarters, and historical students were reduced to desperate measures for milking cows.

M. Deval invites us to laugh with him and at him. His manner is that of the man who infects us with his own gaiety whatever trifle he is telling. Mr. Walker has that different manner of the man who retains a grave face while he is telling the most preposterous story and makes many a sly dig without more than a twinkle in his eye.

"Loona" is the tale of an elderly scientist who sees, or believes he sees, a mermaid. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington in the Cornish fishing village of Portullo, their reaction on the local society, the meeting of Mr. Hetherington and the mermaid and his increasing infatuation are described in a matter-of-fact manner which gives an air of conviction and actuality to the fantastic. Mr. Walker is a cross between Mr. David Garnett and a poet. He writes:

> "Here I must assure the reader that this is the true account of Hetherington's first meeting with the mermaid, for there are some people—no doubt they have the story of the old man of Cury in their minds—who will persist in adding that Hetherington dived in after the lady, thinking that she was prepared to drown herself rather than be seen naked by a man. It may be that a lady would rather risk losing her life than be seen naked by a man; and certainly I should not care to gainsay that. It may be, too, that Hetherington was the kind of man who would always give a lady the benefit of the doubt; as a matter of fact, he was. Still, I know for certain that on this occasion he had no such thoughts in his head, and that he did not dive in after the lady for the simple reason he no longer thought it was a lady he had seen, but some rare and beautiful sea monster."

This is in the same vein as Mr. Garnett in "Lady into Fox." The aside to the reader, the solemn sifting of evidence, the ingenuous air of not being certain why, but only knowing what, all bear his mark. But there are other passages of a beauty which seems outside Mr. Garnett's world, lovely descriptions of the Cornish headlands in the coming of the dawn, and of the imaginations of man's mind.

Mr. Walker manages his material with an unfaltering hand. He emphasizes nothing, but his narrative is rich in implication. The relations between Mr. Hetherington and his wife, between

Mrs. Hetherington and the village, and between Mr. Hetherington and the mermaid (who, one may mention in passing, is a very human young woman with her excitement at picking up a costume cheap, her baby talk and her pet crab Toto) each introduce themes which others have discussed at length, but yet without capturing the elusive truth which Mr. Walker so economically pins down.

From wit and scholarship we pass to misanthropy and gloom. The vogue for Russian literature, now almost past, has left as legacy a kind of pseudo-Russian school. The characteristics of this school are to credit the most ordinary people with the most unlikely thoughts. The ruminations of Tchekov's characters are grafted on to the inhabitants of Welwyn and Croydon. Mr. Muggeridge is a disciple of this school. He is oppressed by death, disease and the uselessness of life. At the beginning of "Autumnal Face" we meet Mr. and Mrs. Pill, their daughter Minnie, her young man, Fred Telfer, Grandmother Pill, and Mr. Pill's brother George. But, like the ten little nigger boys, they, one by one, disappear. Grandmother Pill has a stroke and is paralysed: then Minnie dies from a chill. George follows by committing suicide. Grandmother Pill is burnt to death. Mr. Pill loses his reason and dies from heart failure, and Fred Telfer has a narrow escape at the hands of his author. Even he, poor fellow, gets as far as asking "Why not lie down in the gutter, sleep there and bother no more?" It is all very cheerful.

Yet it must be admitted that death is almost preferable to life as Mr. Muggeridge sees it. Nothing is spared to fill us with disgust and woe. George Pill is a cripple, Grandmother is a cripple, and when Mrs. Pill visits the green-grocer he is a consumptive. It follows almost naturally therefore that the only witnesses of George's death are a dumb crossing-sweeper and an idiot girl. Morally, too, the characters are tainted. Gran has "the wizened, lewd curiosity, the glassy voluptuousness of frozen eyes, the obscene creases of yellow ancient skin." The doctor has "moist and sensual lips," the masseuse "was cool at her work. Only her face had a curious expression, an obscene expression." Even the face of a policeman is not left in peace. It must needs "poke out of the uniform suddenly and nakedly." It is agreeable, therefore, to find that in spite of all this, "Mum," according to the last line of the book, "was exhilarated as she walked round the courtyard in the hard, frosty air."

Nevertheless, Mr. Muggeridge has a feeling for words which is lacking in Mr. Arnold Lunn's "Family Name." Mr. Lunn has written certain parts of his book quite obviously *con amore*. The descriptions of mountain climbing, of Switzerland, and of ski-ing races and expeditions have a vividness and style which throws into blacker relief the heavily ordinary conversations of his characters. His theme nominally is the conflict of traditions between a rich young Jew and an impoverished earl's daughter. His chief interest is an analysis of snobbery. His glaring fault is that of the still unsure man who deliberately clothes the ideas he utters in a rather graceless dress for fear of being thought "highbrow."

"Rumour at Nightfall" is a strange phantasma in which every action has a hyper-normal air, and appears charged with a significance unexplained by the narrative. Francis Chase, the only newspaper correspondent on the spot, is in a mountainous district of Spain, hoping to achieve a journalistic coup over the imminent capture of the Carlist rebel Caveda. He discovers the name of Caveda's mistress and aims to use her to trap him. But his whole attitude is changed by the arrival of his friend Crane, and the immediate attraction Crane and the woman feel for one another. Crane, a very similar type to the chief character in Mr. Greene's first novel, "The Man Within," is obsessed by a fear of Life. He finds in the woman the kinship and support and faith that Chase cannot give him. Chase, on the other hand, sees only that she is depriving him of his friend. From that it is but a step to interpret her love for his friend as disloyalty to Caveda, and in consequence of his dislike for her to glorify him. Uneasily the three are conscious of growing tension, and eventually an attack by Caveda on the town in which they are resolves in tragedy, the tangle of conflicting loyalties.

Mr. Graham Greene has undertaken a difficult task. He has to manage not only the internal reactions of his characters' minds, but the external actions of conspiracy and attack. And it is this task of managing two manners, combined with an extremely sensitive prose style, which tempts him to make the course of events react violently to incidents and words which, one doubts, would affect it. The final impression, therefore, after reading this novel is of great verbal virtuosity but of general haziness. The outline of action is so overlaid with the colours of feeling that the final picture is indistinct. And this emphasis

on feeling also obscures the differentiation of his characters. The man of action and the man of fear both undergo the same complex processes of thought. It is as if Mr. Graham Greene generously credited all mankind with his own acute sensibility.

R. McNAIR SCOTT.

VOTIVE TABLETS. Studies chiefly Appreciative of English Authors and Books. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.)

THERE is a notable analogy between England's landscape and her poetry. Both have their mountainous dramatic stretches that win particular and wide renown; but, these apart, a gentle air of the haphazard in charm and beauty pervades them. The analogy, in fact, turns into a connection. While Milton's avenging rocks are torn up from no local countryside, the humbler lyrist often sings his best songs to an intimate rural tune. This connection is nowhere more clearly brought out than in Mr. Blunden's studies of poetry and prose writers ranging through four centuries of English literature. His exploration in this volume is so wide and various that its limits can be indicated only by saying that the lyrical rather than the dramatic attracts him mainly. And it is not necessary to turn to the paper devoted to "The Country Tradition," in which some of the minor nature poets receive their due, to find pastoral pleasure lending felicity to writers of no fixed and certain vision. It takes possession even of work planned for another end; so that White of Selborne has a place here, no less than Cobbett, who argued sternly in his *English Grammar* that writing is not singing. Nevertheless, bird-memories bring him music, and his "little georgics," Mr. Blunden says, "occur to him, as though a rustling wind or a sudden twinkling of light on a mill-pond told him what to write next."

This sentence in itself illustrates the poetic quality of Mr. Blunden's criticism, and its peculiar appositeness to the type of subject he prefers. What he aptly terms "the test-tube method" of inhuman scientific analysis has no possible justification where these wayward and irregular gleams are to be pursued. Documentation and dissection have much the same result as the feet of the sentry who paraded the grass plot to guard a violet. Mr. Blunden's appreciation works the opposite way. With unfailing sympathy and discrimination he clears away the heavy-footed impedimenta under which so many writers bury their own grace; and one's final impression is not of a mere series of

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

detached studies, but rather of the essential poetic spirit blossoming now here, now there, on diverse soils. Thus the bright moments are picked out of Drayton's tedious "Polyolbion," in which "all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests and other parts" of Great Britain were to be hymned; and the minor Elizabethan Thomas Randolph is seen to achieve poetry in his rural scenes.

In the studies of greater figures, Mr. Blunden's vision is no less distinctive. A masterly essay traces the harshness and austerity of Bunyan's genius to the absence from his youthful influences of those very "rights of man in the open air" that can make all heaven dance on a sunbeam. Shelley, on the contrary, is the far-away spirit whose radiance so permeates rational arguments that even the earthly events of his career need to be interpreted by its light. This volume reveals Mr. Blunden as the ideal potential Shelley-biographer. His imaginative insight and delicate certainty glow throughout in luminous phrases, and endow many of his subjects with a delight beyond their own, such as only the creative, unifying touch can give to them.

SYLVA NORMAN.

CONFESSIONS OF A KEEPER. By D. S. MACCOLL. (Maclehose, 12s. 6d.)

THE exhibition of French pictures at the Royal Academy will afford an instructive comparison between the painting of the past and that of the present. Whither is art tending? In the preface to his recently published book "Confessions of a Keeper," Mr. D. S. MacColl tells us that he finds himself rather solitary and unfashionable when he enquires how far actual production squares with plentiful theory. He has in mind, of course, "advanced art" and its panegyrists who would still try to convince us that Cézanne is almighty and that Matisse and Picasso are little less than divine.

This precious attitude has isolated not only Mr. MacColl, but the majority of critical and uncritical lovers of art, but who are not yet intimidated by the noise that begins in Paris and arrives here *via* Messrs. Fry, Bell et Cie. Is it not rather premature to classify, as some critics and publicists do, the rhythmical inconsequences of Matisse, who would draw as a little child draws, and the facile abstractions of Picasso, such as the one dated 1930 in the Dudensing Collection, among the works of the immortals?

Mr. MacColl is the last great creative art critic in this country. Reading his collected essays, written over a period of forty years,

we rejoice at his consistency of opinion, his force of logic and his gift of prophecy.

While Mr. Roger Fry was the herald of Post-Impressionism here, assuming a rôle less critical than fanatical, Mr. MacColl remained critical, and his chapters entitled "A Year of Post-Impressionism," written in 1912, and "Cézanne as Deity," written in 1928, form the final answer to the extravagant claims made for this movement. The followers of Cézanne, Van Gogh and Gauguin have reached an *impasse* whence there is no escape. Their influence has waned considerably during the last few years, even if a few incompetent students still try to base their work on this trinity as a short cut to some sort of expression. The very word modern has the seed of decay, for it is fashionable, and fashion passes.

A new cult has arrived with Matisse and Picasso, the oracular Mr. Fry in the forefront. This would not be serious were it not for the fact that, by the same sort of fanaticism as deified Cézanne, these artists are being manipulated into the great French tradition. Their champions make out a plausible case, but it is a case easily demolished by such an imaginative poet, using the word in the fullest sense, as is Mr. MacColl. Let all painters and sculptors who are infected by these new heresies be inoculated by his chapter on "Drawing, New and Old."

This is truly an age of chaos in art, but it is refreshing to study Mr. MacColl's logic in juxtaposition with the incoherencies of modern art *apologia*. While he is always tolerant of effort and experiment if it is of value, he is a deadly adversary against pompous and treacherous inanities.

"The Confessions of a Keeper," however, are not confined to controversy. They are for the most part essays on various subjects from Turner to Rembrandt, Beauty, Ugliness, the Pleasures and Pains of Drawing, How to Celebrate, etc. To all of them the author has brought a profound scholarship and a gentle wit, supported by that technical ability in drawing and painting which has made his opinions on art doubly authoritative. His book is of permanent value. Mr. MacColl has the rare gift of increasing our joy and reverence for lovely things.

THE FRENCH MASTERS. By Horace Shipp. (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.)

MR. HORACE SHIPP has written the ideal guide to the French exhibition. Avoiding controversy and the discussion of technical

methods of painting, he has compiled a concise Who's Who from the Primitives to the Post-Impressionists, giving an outline of each important artist's life, describing some of his pictures and indicating his intentions. This little book, which is suitably illustrated, is a reliable and useful index. The social and political conditions of France in relation to her art of various periods are also briefly described, helping us to understand the tendencies of expression. When Mr. Shipp is critical he is very much to the point, neither rhapsodizing nor theorizing for the sake of an argument.

ADRIAN BURY.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AS LITERATURE. By C. A. DINSMORE. (Geo. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

ANY book which sends men back to the Bible is in these times to be commended; for our nation, and America as well, is built upon its acceptance, and our blood beats to the rhythm of its cadences.

Mr. Dinsmore provides an admirable appreciation of the literary qualities of the Authorized Version of the Bible. His summaries of the prophetical books are particularly valuable, elucidating the political conditions under which the works were written. He tells us enough about the nature of Hebrew Poetry to increase our appreciation of the Book of Psalms, Lamentations, and the Song of Songs. He gives a reverent analysis of the perfect literary form of the sayings of Our Lord.

We could wish that Mr. Dinsmore had avoided attempts at higher criticism which are actually irrelevant to his subject, and the occasional rather priggish criticisms (from the standpoint of twentieth-century New Englander whose acquaintance with primitive Palestinian life and thought is necessarily academic) of the morality of Old Testament characters.

IDDESLEIGH.